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MASTERS OF THEIR CRAFT

BY ADRIAN KIRK

Illustrated by Corwin Knapp Linson

THE happiest men I know are those who get their chief pleasure in life out of the exercise of their own skill. They are "artists" in a broad sense, and artists in the narrow sense of the word like to admit the guild relationship of all mastercraftsmen.

We have cut society too much on the square. Perpendicular and horizontal lines do not make the only intelligent divisions. The relationship of Raphael with a pickpocket I talked to once is more intimate essentially than it is with some makers of "pictures" and moulders of "statuary." The thief had been arrested because, having obtained permission to live in New York provided he did not work there, he was caught stealing a watch.

"Why did you do it?" I asked him.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I simply couldn't help it. I'm no kleptomaniac. It isn't the stealing I like, but the fun of doing a hard job prettily. This is the second turn I've made. The first was like this: I saw a rich, fat man in a crowd, and I noticed that his watch was hung in a new way, hard to break. My fingers itched, not for the watch, but to break it off. I moved up, lifted the watch, walked away with it, and then went back and hung the thing on the chain again. This second time was something like that. I saw a delicate job, tried it, got the watch, and just then the fellow happened to look for the time. He hollered, and a detective nearby pinched me. I don't think I'm what you'd call a natural thief, but I like to work with my fingers and I like the excitement of stealing."

My point is not a penal or even moral idea. We hear too much of the good and the bad, too little of the efficient and the inefficient; too much of the largest and the greatest, the richest and the poorest, too little of the beautiful and the ugly. The present contention is simply that just as there are leaders among men, whether of armies or gangs; and just as there are poets who sing and poets who only feel; so we have artists who realize in paint a religious ideal and artists who only steer a tug or wait on a table or lift your watch. The art instinct is a distinction among men of all ranks; "art for art's sake," a water-logged hulk of a phrase, carries a rich cargo of meaning for many a man who has never heard it.

Up and down Eighth Avenue in New York a certain chipper young motorman runs a cable-car, and though he has been at this job for eight years, he loves so much the art of his craft that he repeatedly has declined promotion. His superintendent told me about him. I described the type of man I was after, and the superintendent shook his head.

"Oh, they all work for the pay," he said.

"Of course," I said, "so do all of us, but there are some men who get their rewards in the doing of the thing."

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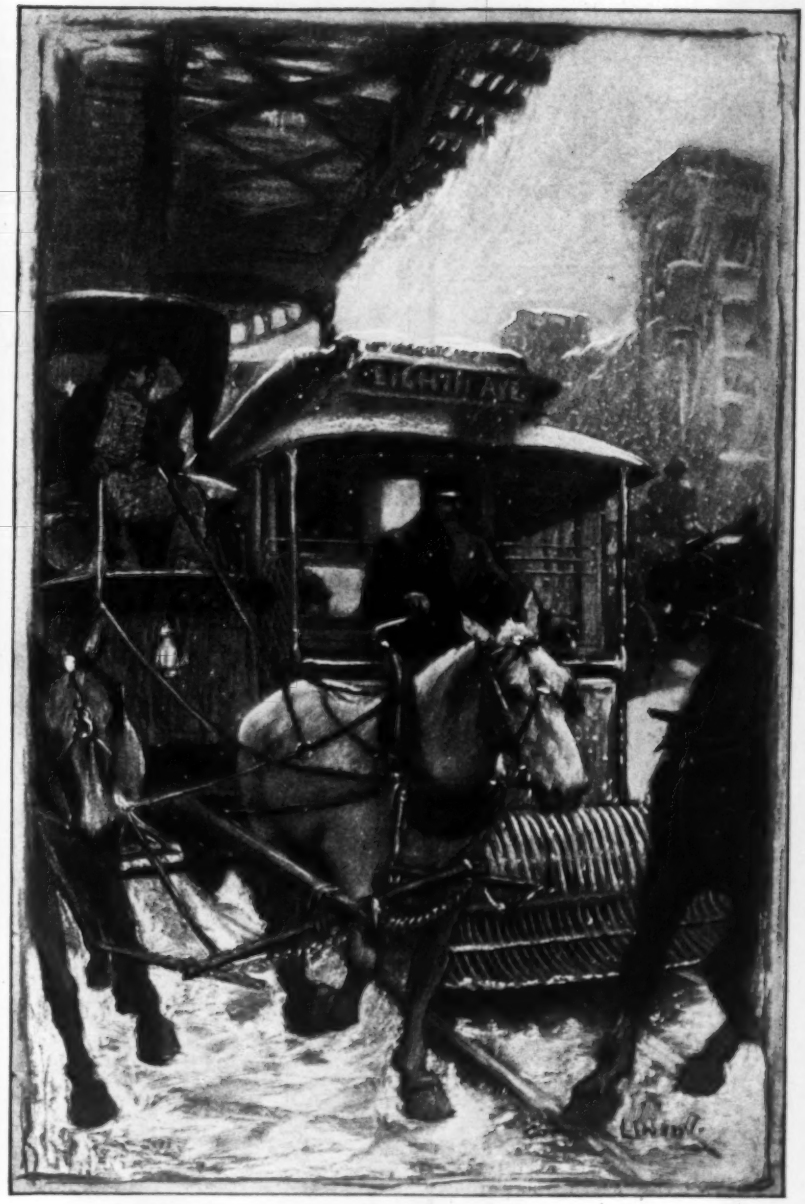


"'I like a clear track, but I like a crowded street, too'"

The superintendent shook his head. He showed me a man who had studied the mechanics of his car, theoretical electricity, and read books on all subjects allied to his craft. I rode with this motorman.

"What are you after?" I asked him. "Do you like to run a car?"

"I hate it," he said. "I am studying for promotion."

A good man this, one of the American millions. I appealed again to the superintendent, and we waited beside the track watching the motormen go by.

"I know now what you want," he said. "I've been thinking it over. You want a blanked fool."

"Not at all," I answered. "Yes," I added, "yes, perhaps you're right."

On an Eighth Avenue Trolley

"Well," he said, "I've got one." And we went over on Eighth Avenue and found

my motorman. It was a rainy day, but he was as happy as sunshine.

"Yes," he said, laughing, "I've passed up their promotions. I don't know why, exactly, except that I'd rather run a cable-car than eat. It's fun, yes; yet that isn't all. There's a knack to it. When you once get the feel of your car, and can lift her weight with a twist of the wrist, it's a pleasure to do just that. It's a pleasure to go full speed; it's a pleasure to stop her easy; it's a pleasure to start her easy. I like a clear track, but I like a crowded street, too. It's a pleasure to steal ground on the wagons. When a fellow's on the track ahead, it's fun to get him off; and a trick, too. You cuss and you jar the gong, and the driver'll keep you there till you're fighting mad; but you ring once, wait and that driver, ten to one, will get out of your way. If he don't I call out something friendly like. 'Break away, old man, it's dinner time for me,' and he'll clear out. If they fight that's fun, too. You can crawl up under a wagon, and push it up on the horse, or you can catch a mean cuss under the hub and turn him over into the street. I tell you it's all fun, but I've been a cigarmaker, too, and I tell you I've found out that the best fun in life is to do a neat job up neat. Now see that lady waiting to get on. Watch the rear step."

I looked back as he sailed slowly by the woman. He stopped the car so that she stepped on without moving up or down the track.

"Did she have to chase me?" the motorman asked confidently. "No, not on your life. I can stop on a chalk line. Now as to promotion, if they offer me a place with much more pay, say $20 a week, I'd have to take it. I've got a wife, and it's hard digging on $15, but do you know I hope they won't. I'd rather run a car than eat; rain or snow, sunshine or fog."

This is the spirit. And I have found it in all trades alike.

The Joys of 'Bus Driving

One of these artists was driving a 'bus down Fifth Avenue on a certain crowded morning. Secure in his skill, he had set himself a complicated problem: To keep behind him an automobile 'bus of his own company; to "head" a cabman who had "sassed" him the day before; to pick up all the "fares" that hailed him, and keep up with the procession on his side of the street.

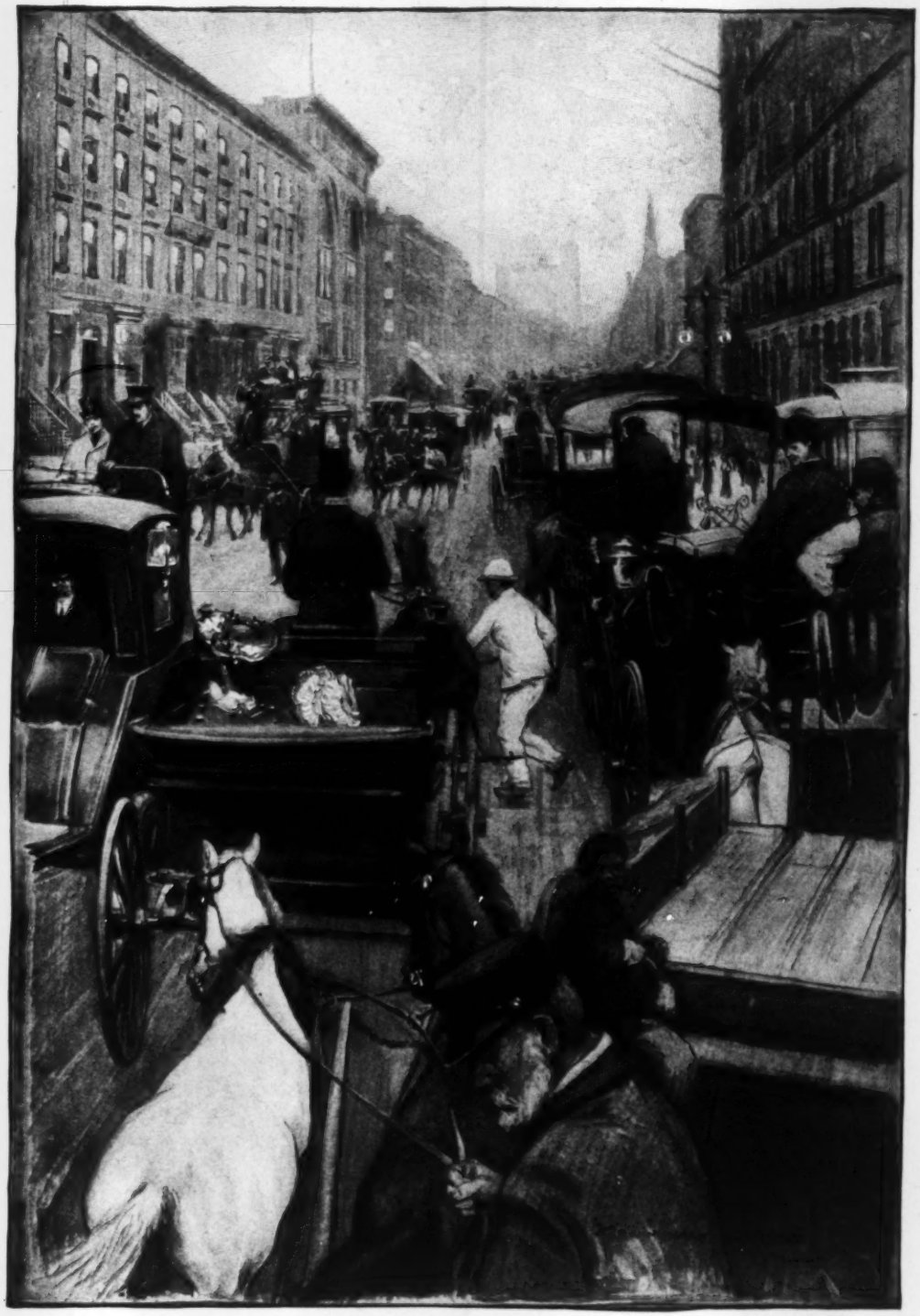
His half of the road was wide enough for two carriages to move abreast, and there were four columns of traffic in motion—two going up, two down. Had this condition been constant, the task would have been easy, but it wasn't. The up columns frequently thinned to one, so that the automobile had chances to shoot out and go by. The chauffeur plainly had his "dander" up, and, bound to get ahead, was overlooking some "fares" who let the horse-'bus pass to hail him. He hung out in the column farthest from his curb in readiness, black in the face, his lips moving as if he were saying things. My driver showed no sign of any feeling; he never turned his head (that seemed to be a self-imposed restriction of honor with him); he did not even look alert, and his horses moped along as if half asleep. Yet this wonderful man commanded the curb and the middle of the road, too. Spying a fare long before he approached a corner, he slowed up, jamming traffic a little behind him, swung out to turn the columns in to the curb, then bent sharply on himself, taking up the passengers before the tangle behind could clear and release the automobile. Moreover, he had to stop his back step exactly where the fare stood, to lose no time. Without seeming to hurry his horses, he yet had a way of pulling them down to business, and, once off, they loafed out into the middle of the road at a good rate, swinging back idly to keep any one from going by between them and the curb. The driver used everything to help him—a block, a cross-town car, a track, a driver off side; each checked in some way the automobile and sent my Jehu easily on his way.

The cabman ahead gained on the 'bus. He had every advantage—no stops, only two wheels, and a light vehicle, and he grinned back his triumph twice.

"Can you get him?" I asked.

"What?" asked the driver, as if he were caught stealing. He looked around shrewdly, saw I was on his side, and let a twinkle appear in his eye. "Yes; I've got him now—at Thirty-fourth Street."

That was two blocks away. Carriages



" One of these artists was driving a 'bus down Fifth Avenue on a certain crowded morning "

were thick there, crossing east and west, and north and south. A hundred feet lay between us and the tail of the double column ahead. We were free at both hubs; my driver was in the middle of his half of the road. The cab was third from the rear of the curb column ahead of us, and the automobile next behind us. We closed up half our distance, rolling easily right and left to prevent passing, and I noticed that this was done so naturally that no driver behind complained except the chauffeur, and he had known of old. I could hear him muttering curses. A thin part of the column was coming. No doubt my driver meant to gain by it, but at Thirty-fourth Street he turned curbward and the strap pulled; a passenger wanted to get out. Perhaps I looked vexed. At any rate, the driver said:

"Who-o, who-up. I knew that lady wanted to get down here. Always does. Watch the steam-engine."

The chauffeur was darting past at full speed, and he sailed out, leading his column, into the opening on past the cab. The lady was out. Our horses pulled up and we hurried out into the middle. The Jehu smiled vaguely. The automobile was stuck. It had met a coal wagon which would give not an inch, and the chauffeur was looking for a place to get into our column ahead, but the back pressure from Thirty-fourth Street had closed us in solid, and the "steam-engine" had to wait while we went by. As we passed, the chauffeur glared at me. I looked at our driver.

"That coal cart is the meanest cuss on the road," he said; "regular hog. I seen him loading up at Thirty-fourth Street."

The cab driver remained ahead. He was in the curb column; we were in the other. At a walk we all moved down on the tangle at the crossing, and I saw no way out. The Jehu, at perfect repose, held back half a length from the carriage in front. Two cars were allowed to cross, and, as they passed, the inner columns, both up and down, were started first, and we gained one place on the curb line. The cab was two places ahead, and up against a van. We still held an open space ahead. At the crossing one carriage in our column pulled out for the Waldorf-Astoria, and we crept up. I suspect my driver knew that was coming. He closed up half-way again, and was occupied with the prospect across the street. Twice we were stopped and started, then I noticed the cabby trying to get out, not ahead of our leader, but of us! My driver let him tuck his horses' heads in, then a break opened in the up column, our team lurched down on him, and, when an accident seemed imminent, we were trotting out in the opening, leaving the cabby behind us, hoarse with rage. We swung out, then back, and were bowling over the car tracks and down the avenue clear and free.

Cries arose behind, and I looked back. The chauffeur and the cabby were in collision—their wheels lightly, but their tempers violently. Each was venting on the other the rage aroused by my Jehu, who showed no feeling at all. They were blocking the road, and a policeman was going for them as we drew down where I couldn't see. The whole avenue on one side lay before us.

"Arrested?" my driver asked.

"Oh, no," I said; "it isn't so bad as that. The cop is between them."

"They'll get arrested yet, them two."

We tooled along in silence for a few blocks, my driver appearing to loaf, like his horses, though I saw that his hands worked slowly, gently, but constantly at the reins, while his eyes held the road and the curb.

"You seem to like your job," I remarked.

He did not answer right away. When he did he came back like this:

"I was delivered on this earth in '34. How old's that make me?"

"Sixty-eight."

"Well, I've handled 'em ever since I was big enough." He nodded at the horses or the reins. "I've drove 'em always, better or worse, an' always will. They've offered me the stable in my day. 'Nope,' I says. I could 'a' had that steam thing back there. Not for your Uncle Willie—I'm a driver. I'd ruther drive 'n eat. If I was younger I might like to drive somethin' else, but nowadays this is good enough for me—just t' tool 'em up an' tool 'em down again, makin' the most of th' road and th' conditions o' th' way. I'd ruther drive 'n eat any day, an' always did."

Two or three of this driver's traits are characteristic of artists, as I use the word.

Besides the enjoyment of his skill, he has the ease and repose of the masters of their craft everywhere. There is concentration and intensity; there is effort, but no nervousness, no waste of energy. The Jehu's face expressed perfect composure, his body sat squat, apparently at rest, yet his foot felt the brake and his hands handled the reins all the time; but so gently did he control his team that his horses did not at any moment of that drive know that they were in a race.

In the Composing Room of a Big Daily

The most exciting time in a New York newspaper office is when the last edition of an evening paper goes to press. Five pages are "put to bed" between 2.56 P.M. and 3.16, some ten columns are set, five of them market reports. That isn't time enough, but the papers must get in the financial tables complete and correct between the close of the markets at 3 o'clock and 3.16 in order to catch the first brokers to leave their offices before they can reach their ferries and trains. The ticker doesn't stop till 3.11 or 3.12 o'clock, and the paper is in Wall Street by 3.28. In these few minutes a man can learn to respect skilled labor.

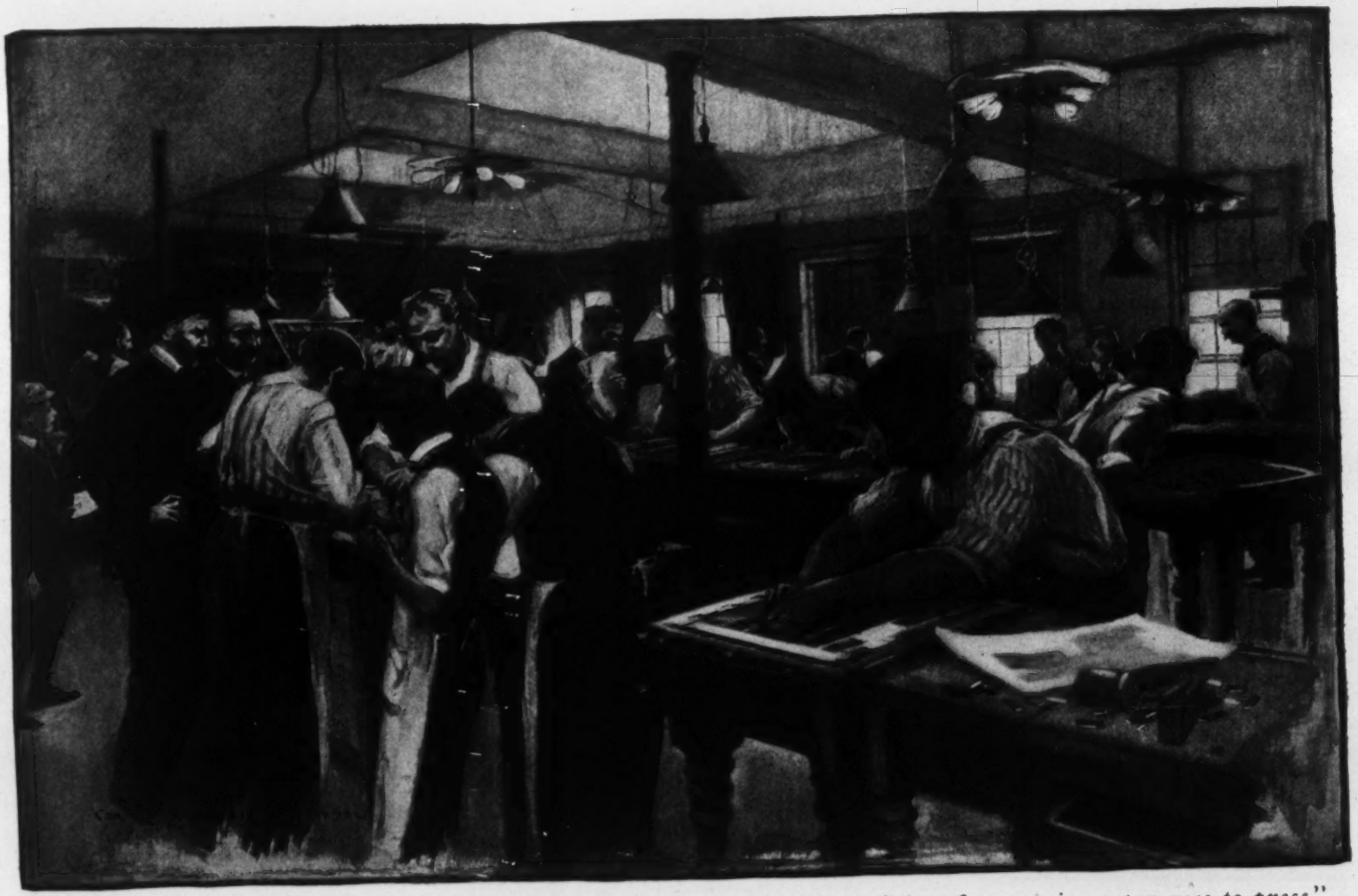
M. L. Frescoln, foreman of the composing room, "Commercial Advertiser"

At last everything concentrates upon the final page. Two groups of compositors are at work; one at the case setting by hand the "high low last" and the "bid and asked" of the stock market, as they get the quotations from the ticker boys who snip them with scissors from the rolling tape; the other group at the machines setting late news. All the editors come up to the last form, the managing editor, the city editor, the telegraph, the financial, the real estate, the sporting editor, each with his "important" last item, edited down to the bones. All gather about the little table on rollers, and look over the form to see how much space will be left by the financial tables. There's rarely enough. The bank-man grabs the type, marks it for the place it is to go in the page, passes the type to the proof boy, who pulls three proofs for the managing editor, the department editor concerned, and the proof-readers, who have moved down *en masse* to be near the form. Corrections are marked on the proof, which is sent out to the machines, but the type goes in. The make-up men are receiving it with both hands and laying it in swiftly and gently.

"All over," cries the ticker boy, striking his scissors on the table. The ticker has stopped. All eyes look at the clock, all except those of the make-up man whose back is toward it; he looks at the make-up man opposite, who says, "Half a minute late as usual."

A boy rushes upstairs with copy. The copy-cutter yells to the managing editor, "Copy, can't see it." The managing editor darts up and looks at it. "Must," he says, and it goes to No. 1 machine. No. 1 machine in my day was a red-headed young man who was over-worked because he could over-work, and he liked it. Late news went to him, late corrections went to him, and when I stole past the foreman and the copy-cutter to get in "a line" too late to have the consent of the managing editor, No. 1 would grin. "Give it here," he would say, and he'd pile his late news "line o' type" on one knee, his corrections on the other, put my copy in his lips and finish the job. Then my copy was set without apparent haste, with a word about the news itself and a shout for "boy" to carry the type to the form.

There the pressure is at its height.



"The most exciting time in a New York newspaper office is when the last edition of an evening paper goes to press"

Nervous men wriggle from foot to foot, or swear or lose time saying, "Can't do it," or "Oh, well —— it," or "See the time."

"I must get this in," says the telegraph editor.

"I should think this would go ahead of it," the city editor answers, showing his selected theme.

"Put them both in, throw out that Boston Copper item," the managing editor decides, and the make-up men hunch themselves. It breaks up two columns.

In a crisis like that, with eight hands at work on the form, four making corrections (pulling out bad lines and inserting good ones), weak nerves go to pieces. I have seen a make-up man throw up his hands and go back only at a sharp word of command. But I have seen two men prove their character. One was a little Scotchman who could feel the confusion wrecking the crew. By the time the last hands lifted and the tired nerves cursed, he'd say, in an irritating, comical way, "There's nothing to do but cheer up, *cheer-up, chirrup.*" He buckled in the harder, all the others grinned and steadied, and out they pulled the page, locked her, jammed, and half threw, half whirled her to the steam table.

But the best man was one who seemed to be slow. He never hurried, rarely spoke, never swore, never made a useless gesture or an expression, his eyes moved like his hands—deliberately, precisely, effectively. It was a beautiful sight to watch him doing his work so easily, and yet he was the quickest man in the shop. Not only did he place his type right, but he noticed errors, even in names, showing that his intelligence was wide awake; he asked questions which saved me many a mistake, and always he was willing to do more. Sometimes he smiled, or looked up at the clock, but if you were willing to risk being late, he'd try, and if he tried, you wouldn't be late, at least not more than once or twice in a season. He could lay out a page in his mind, lay it in all but a paragraph, and alter it to suit you without losing patience; I've seen his hand turn without a pause at a command and go at the changed arrangement, and though everybody had to bend to with doubled effort, he would finish in style, swing the locked form aside, and then go at the next day's work without a rest or a pause. But that was only a way he had of slowing down after the high speed of the work. In two or three minutes he would quit, then go over to his coat, take out his pipe, sit and smoke. He was tired. He had put forth effort like the "hustlers," but none of his energy had been wasted. He and No. 1 and "Cheer Up" are artists as truly as Puvis de Chavannes or my 'bus-driver.

On the Empire State Express

As a final test I applied to the New York Central Railroad for permission to ride with the best engineer they had. The superintendent named three of the men who run the Empire State Express, giving me leave to ride up to Albany in the day time with one, down at night with another. I called on these three men before I made my choice. There was no choice, and it was almost enough simply to see them. The popular notion of a locomotive engineer is of a nerve-racked man who spends half his time under a fearful strain, cool, but aware of great danger, with one hand pulling open the throttle to the last notch, the other on the reverse lever, ready to back her, and, with a word to his fireman to jump, himself to stick to his post. If this were so, then all that I had been seeing elsewhere was exceptional. Well, it isn't so. These men were all very much alike; at bottom they were of one type. Slow of speech, composed in mind and body; intelligent, but not keen; ready, but not especially alert; they talked quietly, sensibly about their business. They don't know what "nerves" are, apparently. I found two at home on their "off day," and one was lying down, the other sitting idly, and it was plain they could rest; they could lie still, sit still, stand still. In other words, they had the repose I had noticed in other master craftsmen.

There is more true quietude in a locomotive cab than there is in the office of many an active bank president, much more than in a drawing-room, vastly more than in a Pullman dining-car. The engineer climbed into the cab about a minute before starting time, set away his oil can, wiped his hands carefully on a bunch of waste and took his place. "Ar-right," said the fireman, as he pulled his

head in from his window. The engineer set his reverse and pulled the throttle a bit, and we started so gently you could hardly feel it. There was no slipping of the driver on the track, nor a pound too much steam turned into the cylinder. The train got under headway evenly. Slowly we rolled down the yard among the switches and ran into the tunnel. Both the fireman and the engineer kept their eyes out here, but this vigilance was not the fixed sort you read about. It was that which a good driver gives the road ahead—sure, known, steady (and, by the way, the smoke and gases which trouble passengers when a car isn't tight, are not noticeable on an engine; they pass overhead). Out under the clear sky the train moved faster, at about twenty-five miles an hour, till it turned off out of the yard switches; then, "We're off," said the fireman, and the engineer pulled the throttle a little wider. Out on the Hudson River full speed is made. Setting his lever and pulling the throttle deliberately to a certain picked notch, the engineer let go and leaned back. That was the time of the greatest exhilaration. The great locomotive seemed to be reaching out. It moved like a snake, swaying in front from one side of the track to the other, and at each swing it took a better grip on the train, gathered more momentum. Rising at curves, it seemed to dive around them, and, once we were going full speed, behaved most like a huge buffalo driving ahead cumbrously, yet with a sense of power that made the motion easy; clumsy and stupid, but irresistible and effortless. We on its back were thrown from side to side, towns passed with a bang, trains on the side track shrieked at us and rattled like tin pans, the air batted, cuffed, and slapped in on our faces.

William Raymond, engineer of the Empire State Express

Improving my grip, I looked over at the engineer. He was leaning on the window ledge, his throttle hand resting idly on the lever; and, though he was looking ahead, he seemed hardly interested. His whole attitude suggested a man at ease. For miles and miles the engine held the pace, the engineer the pose, and the Hudson River opened and closed, folded and unfolded beside us like a beautiful picture book in strong, old, slow hands. By and by we slowed for a town; then for water; then for another town; once to pass a place where men were repairing the track; then the engine slowed down, and rolled leisurely over the new bridge into Albany, just on time.

The engineer looked across at me. "Want to go back to the yard with us?" he asked.

"No, come and have lunch with me."

"Oh, I can't do that," he answered; "I've got to go to work now."

He meant that he had to oil and inspect and tighten this and that for his afternoon trip down; but he meant also that there hadn't been any work about running his train from New York to Albany, 144 miles in two hours and thirty-four minutes. There wasn't; at least no labor. There was responsibility, concentration, judgment, and a sure hand, but no conscious effort. Once during the trip he got down and told the fireman to "run her." The fireman sat like the engineer of the story books, his body leaning forward, one hand on the throttle, the other

on the lever, and his eyes fixed ahead. *He* worked and he will work when he gets his first engine. But the old engineer, surer, with tried attention and a nicer, idler hand, so controlled that machine that, though he gave no sign of effort, physical or mental, we finished the last mile of our distance in the last minute of our time.

Well, perhaps the night trip would bear out the story teller. The darkness seemed to me to be absolute. "That makes the signals plain," the engineer said. It did, indeed; only I saw too many till he explained how to distinguish "ours" from the galaxies that confounded me. We rushed faster and faster into the dark. A light ahead floated across the track, back again, then seemed to shoot up into the air on the right; a white signal; another light on the right slid diagonally down across the track, and then headed, flying straight for my window. "Bang!" it struck, and I dodged —a passing up train. We seemed to be going twice as fast as at any time in the morning, and I asked the fireman what speed we were making. He spoke to the engineer, who leaned far over to see his watch in the light of the furnace. Sitting up again, he was still, till I forgot. By and by he bent over, again looked at his watch and spoke to the fireman, who reported: "We made that last seven miles in five minutes and twenty seconds." If this rough estimate was correct, it meant eighty miles an hour. The engineer was lying back, with his arm resting idly on the lever—his eyes not "glued to the track," but simply keeping him informed. For a while during the trip I stood up beside him, and we chatted quietly about lights and locomotives and runs, all in an easy conversational tone, and I noticed that his eyes, ready enough to turn into the cab to pull out a gauge or a screw, habitually turned back every other moment to the track. His vigilance was as subconscious as the movements of a man dressing in the morning. His mind could be on what he was saying to me, while his eyes were attending to their own business. He was not driving his machine by will-power, but machine-like, yet with his brain and senses so constantly on the lookout that they would react like clockwork to any sign meant for them. And there were many he himself forgot to mention. Thus, while we were talking, when he was interested, he let her off a little, and I asked, as if by the way, whether we were on time. "Three-quarters of a minute ahead," he said; but he had already acted before I put his mind on it. Just as in any other art, it isn't industry, but inspiration, that counts.

As I climbed back on my seat and took the rush of air and the roar of sounds I looked across at the man who was doing it and thought how little of it was his doing—how much was his parents'. He was simply a well-made human being, perfectly adjusted to his craft —a part of his locomotive. He and the machine together were like a great man —a serene soul possessing a powerful body, and directing forces out of all proportion to his effort.

When we stopped in the station, our pilot three feet from the buffer, the clock stood 9.59. That was time, and I recalled what this man had said the first day I met him, when I asked what was the art, the trick, of running an engine.

"You've got so many miles to go in so many minutes. There are so many slow-downs, sure—so many clear streaks of track. You know your engine and your track; you know just what you can do—where, when, and how. Now, then, the trick is to keep your train up to a certain point. If you use too much speed here, she'll run down on you later, so you keep her balanced on a fine edge till you're near home; then you can draw her down all you want."

"That's the thing you feel then?"

"Exactly; and that's the fun of the job. It's easy when you do it by feeling, and a pleasure."

"And danger?"

"Never think of it. There isn't any—not so much as there is walking along Broadway."

"But some engineers say there is."

"They've lost their nerve."

"What's that?"

"That's what I don't know."

The next day is the off day for those two engineers. They sit around, sleep, walk idly about, read a little. They don't talk much, but they like to listen to

"Though he was looking ahead, he seemed hardly interested"

Danny Cassin, Engineer of the Empire State Express

others' talk. Running the locomotive is their pleasure as well as their work. When they are busy they are happiest. They do not always know it, and that goes to prove the point : their joy is in their work, not a thing apart. Though they may stop for rest and recreation, their chiefest pleasure is in the doing

of their job, whatever it may be, and, whether the reward for labor in their craft be wages or wealth, the compensation that keeps them at work is the delight of the craftsman in the exercise of his skill. If this is not the spirit of a man's labor he is not an artist—he is a painter or a merchant or a workingman. Artists don't work for money.

Not that money is a mean thing, and not that artists do not care for it. My motorman admitted the value of that, but money has simply nothing to do with the art, no matter how much it may influence artists. The same spirit manifests itself sometimes in a purely money-making business. I knew a merchant worth many millions who has it so highly developed that he grieves over it, and his expression of the feeling came out in the course of a warning to me to guard against it. He was advising me to take a post-graduate college course. "Take it," he said; "take all the education you can get. I had just enough to make me aware there were lots of sources of pleasure in the world—art, music, letters, the drama, sports—but I had to go to work before I had learned to enjoy these things—before I had acquired the need of them. This enabled me to work for the pleasure of work alone, and all my pleasure centered in my own particular business. Well, I did enjoy that; but when I tried to quit, and went abroad, I got no pleasure out of my travels. All the beautiful things that I knew were beautiful bored me. I had to come back, and, to this day, with more money than I know what to do with, I find satisfaction only in the details—the details, mind you—of my business, which piles up the money people think is all I'm working for."

This sort of man is rare, even among "artists," in the narrow sense. Think how many young painters draw until middle age—even all their lives—because they cannot resist the immediate money illustrating brings in. In business, money is usually the object of effort—money first, then the position and luxuries it brings; after that the excitement of the gambler, and, finally, the love of power which often furnishes a noble spectacle in finance, terrible, but magnificent. But I am not decrying any human motives. All I wish to recall—what we all know and forget—is that the art spirit thrives in commonplace surroundings, among all crafts alike, and that there are great men among the wage-earners, where we all can see and enjoy them.

SONG

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

YOUR kiss, beloved, was to me
As if all flowers of Araby,
And every fresh and fragrant rose
That ever blew, shall blow, or blows
Had all her sweetness taken up
And poured into one perfect cup
For me to drain. . . .
Kiss me again!

THE RIVERMAN

A Blazed Trail Story

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

I FIRST met him one Fourth of July afternoon in the middle eighties. The sawdust streets and high board sidewalks of the lumber town were filled to the brim with people. The permanent population of the town, dressed in the stiffness of its Sunday best, escorted gingham wives or sweethearts; a dozen outsiders like myself tried not to be too conspicuous in a city smartness; but the great multitude was composed of the men of the woods. I sat, chair-tilted by the hotel, watching them pass. Their heavy woolen shirts crossed by the broad suspenders, the red of their sashes or leather shine of their belts, their short kersey trousers "stagged" off to leave a gap between the knee and the heavily spiked "cork boots"—all these were distinctive enough of their class, but most interesting to me were the eyes that peered from beneath their little round hats tilted rakishly askew. They were all subtly alike, these eyes. Some were black, some were brown, or gray, or blue, but all were steady and unabashed, all looked straight at you with a strange humorous blending of aggression and respect for your own business, and all without exception wrinkled at the corners with a suggestion of dry humor.

"roosted like cormorants on

In my half-conscious scrutiny I probably stared harder than I knew, for all at once a pair of the blue laughing eyes suddenly met mine full, and an ironical voice drawled,

"Say, bub, you look as interested as a man killing snakes. Am I your long-lost friend?"

The tone of the voice matched accurately the attitude of the man, and that was quite non-committal. He stood cheerfully ready to meet the emergency. If I sought trouble, it was here to my hand; or if I needed help, he was willing to offer it.

"I guess you are," I replied, "if you can tell me what all this outfit's headed for."

He thrust back his hat and ran his hand through a mop of closely cropped light curls.

"Birling match," he explained briefly. "Come on."

I joined him, and together we followed the crowd to the river where we roosted like cormorants on adjacent piles overlooking a patch of clear water among the filled booms.

"Drive's just over" my new friend informed me. "Rear come down last night. Fourther July celebration. This little town will scratch fer th' tall timber along about midnight when the boys goes in to take her apart."

A half dozen men with peavies rolled a white-pine log of about a foot and a half diameter into the clear water, where it lay rocking back and forth three or four feet from the boom piles. Suddenly a man ran the length of the boom, leaped easily into the air, and landed with both feet square on one end of the floating log. That end disappeared in an ankle-deep swirl of white foam, the other rose suddenly, the whole timber, projected forward by the shock, drove headlong to the middle of the little pond. And the man, his arms folded, his knees just bent in the graceful nervous attitude of the circus rider, stood upright like a statue of bronze.

A roar approved this feat.

"That's Dicky Darrell," said my informant, "Roaring Dick. Watch him."

The man on the log was small, with clean, beautiful haunches and shoulders but with hanging baboon arms. Perhaps his most striking feature was a mop of reddish-brown hair that overshadowed a little triangular white face, accented by two reddish-brown quadrilaterals that served as eyebrows, and a pair of inscrutable chipmunk eyes.

For a moment he poised erect in the great calm of the public performer. Then slowly he began to revolve the log under his feet. The lofty gaze, the folded arms, the straight supple waist budged not by a hair's breadth; only the feet stepped forward, at first deliberately, then faster and faster, until the rolling log threw a blur of spray a foot into the air. Then sud-

adjacent piles"

denly *slap! slap!* the heavy caulks stamped a reversal. The log came instantaneously to rest, quivering exactly like some animal that had been spurred through its paces.

"Magnificent!" I cried.

"That's nothing!" my companion repressed me, "anybody can birl a log. Watch this."

Roaring Dick for the first time unfolded his arms. With some appearance of caution he balanced his unstable footing into absolute immobility. Then he turned a somersault.

This was the real thing. My friend uttered a wild yell of applause which was lost in a general roar.

A long pike pole shot out, bit the end of the timber, and towed it to the boom pile. Another man stepped on the log with Darrell. They stood facing each other, bent-kneed, alert. Suddenly with one accord they commenced to birl the log from left to right. The pace grew hot. Like squirrels treading a cage their feet twinkled. Then it became apparent that Darrell's opponent was gradually being forced from the top of the log. He could not keep up. Little by little, still moving desperately, he dropped back to the slant, then at last to the edge, and so off into the river with a mighty splash.

"Clean birled!" commented my friend.

One after another a half dozen rivermen tackled the imperturbable Dick, but none of them possessed the agility to stay on top in the pace he set them. One boy of eighteen seemed for a moment to hold his own, and managed at least to keep out of the water even when Darrell had apparently reached his maximum speed. But that expert merely threw his entire weight into two reversing stamps of his feet, and the young fellow dove forward as abruptly as though he had been shied over a horse's head.

The crowd was by now getting uproarious and impatient of volunteer effort to humble Darrell's challenge. It wanted the best, and at once. It began, with increasing insistence, to shout a name.

"Jimmy Powers!" it vociferated. "Jimmy Powers."

And then by shamefaced bashfulness, by profane protest, by muttered and comprehensive curses I knew that my companion on the other pile was indicated.

A dozen men near at hand began to shout. "Here he is!" they cried, "Come on, Jimmy," "Don't be a high banker." "Hang his hide on the fence."

Jimmy, still red and swearing, suffered himself to be pulled from his elevation and disappeared in the throng. A moment later I caught his head and shoulders pushing toward the boom piles, and so in a moment he stepped warily aboard to face his antagonist.

This was evidently no question to be determined by the simplicity of force or the simplicity of a child's trick. The two men stood half-crouched, face to face, watching each other narrowly, but making no move. To me they seemed like two wrestlers sparring for an opening. Slowly the log revolved one way; then slowly the other. It was a mere courtesy of salute. All at once Dick birled three rapid strokes from left to right as though about to roll the log, leaped into the air and landed square with both feet on the other slant of the timber. Jimmy Powers felt the jar, and acknowledged it by the spasmodic jerk with which he coun-

terbalanced Darrell's weight. But he was not thrown.

As though this daring and hazardous manœuver had opened the combat, both men sprang to life. Sometimes the log rolled one way, sometimes the other, sometimes it jerked from side to side like a crazy thing, but always with the rapidity of light, always in a smother of spray and foam. The decided *spat spat spat* of the reversing blows from the calked boots sounded like picket firing. I could not make out the different leads, feints, parries, and counters of this strange method of boxing, nor could I distinguish to whose initiative the various evolutions of that log could be ascribed. But I retain still a vivid mental picture of two men nearly motionless above the waist, nearly vibrant below it, dominating the insane gyrations of a stick of pine.

The crowd was appreciative and partizan—for Jimmy Powers. It howled wildly, and rose thereby to ever higher excitement. Then it forgot its manners utterly and groaned when it made out that a sudden splash represented its favorite, while the indomitable Darrell still trod the quarter-deck as champion birler for the year.

I must confess that I was as sorry as anybody. I climbed down from my cormorant roost, and picked my way between the alleys of aromatic piled lumber in order to avoid the press, and cursed the little gods heartily for undue partiality in the wrong direction. In this manner I happened on Jimmy Powers himself seated dripping on a board end and examining his bared foot.

"I'm sorry," said I behind him. "How did he do it?"

He whirled, and I could see that his laughing, boyish face had become suddenly grim and stern, and that his eyes were shot with blood.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he growled, disparagingly. "Well, that's how he did it."

He held out his foot. Across the instep and at the base of the toes ran two rows of tiny round punctures from which the blood was oozing. I looked my inquiry.

"He corked me!" Jimmy Powers explained. "Jammed his spikes into me! Stepped on my foot and tripped me the—" Jimmy Powers certainly could swear.

"Why didn't you make a kick?" I cried.

"That ain't how I do it," he muttered, pulling on his heavy woolen sock.

"But no," I insisted, my indignation mounting. "It's an outrage! That crowd was with you. All you had to do was to *say* something——"

He cut me short. "And give myself away as a blanked fool—sure Mike. I ought to know Dickey Darrell by this time, and I ought to be big enough to take care of myself." He stamped his foot into his driver's shoe and took me by the arm, his humor apparently restored. "No, don't you lose any hair, bub; I'll get even with Roaring Dick."

That night, having, by the advice of the proprietor, moved my bureau and trunk against the bedroom door, I lay wide awake listening to the taking of the town apart. At each especially vicious crash I wondered if that might be Jimmy Powers getting even with Roaring Dick.

The following year, but a little earlier in the season, I again visited my lumber town. In striking contrast to the life of that other midsummer day were the deserted streets. The landlord knew me, and after I had washed and eaten approached me with a suggestion.

"You got all day in front of you," said he, "why don't you take a horse and buggy and make a visit to the big jam? Everybody's up there more or less."

In response to my inquiry, he replied:

"They've jammed at the upper bend, jammed bad. The crew's been picking at her for near a week now, and last night Darrell was down to see about some more dynamite. It's worth seein'. The breast of her is near thirty foot high, and lots of water in the river."

"Darrell?" said I, catching at the name.

"Yes. He's rear boss this year. Do you think you'd like to take a look at her?"

"I think I should," I assented.

The horse and I jogged slowly along a deep sand road, through wastes of pine stumps and belts of hardwood beautiful with the early spring, until finally we arrived at a clearing in which stood two huge tents, a mammoth kettle-sling over a fire of logs, and drying racks about the

timbers of another fire. A fat cook in the inevitable battered derby hat, two bare-armed cookees, and a chore "boy" of seventy-odd summers were the only human beings in sight. One of the cookees agreed to keep an eye on my horse. I picked my way down a well-worn trail toward the regular *clank clank click* of the peavies.

I emerged finally to a plateau elevated some fifty or sixty feet above the river. A half dozen spectators were already gathered. Among them I could not but notice a tall, spare, broad-shouldered young fellow, dressed in a quiet business suit, somewhat wrinkled, whose square, strong, clean-cut face and muscular hands were tanned by the weather to a dark umber brown. In another moment I looked down on the jam.

"'That's Dicky Darrell'"

The breast, as my landlord had told me, rose sheer from the water to the height of at least twenty-five feet, bristling and formidable. Back of it pressed the volume of logs packed closely in an apparently inextricable tangle as far as the eye could reach. A man who was near informed me that the tail was a good three mile, up stream. From beneath this wonderful *chevaux de frise* there foamed the current of the river, irresistible to any force less mighty than the statics of such a mass.

A crew of forty or fifty men were at work. They clamped their peavies to the reluctant timbers, heaved, pushed, slid, and rolled them one by one over the breast, where they fell with a splash into the current and were borne away. They had been doing this for a week. As yet their efforts had made but slight impression on the bulk of the jam, but sometime, with patience, they would reach the key logs. Then the tangle would melt like sugar in the freshet, and these imperturbable workers would have to escape suddenly over the plunging logs to shore.

My eye ranged over the men, and finally rested on Dicky Darrell. He was standing on the slanting end of an upheaved log, dominating the scene. His little, triangular face, with the accents of the quadrilateral eyebrows, was pale with the blaze of his energy, and his chipmunk eyes seemed to flame with a dynamic vehem-

ence that caused those on whom their glance fell to jump as though they had been touched with a hot poker. I had heard more of Dicky Darrell since my last visit, and was glad of the chance to observe Morrison & Daly's best "driver" at work.

The jam seemed on the edge of breaking. After half an hour's strained expectation it seemed still on the very edge of breaking. So I sat down on a stump. Then for the first time I noticed another acquaintance, handling his peavie near the very person of the rear boss.

"Hullo," said I to myself, "that's funny. I wonder if Jimmy Powers got even; and if so, why he is working so amicably and so near Roaring Dick."

At noon the men came ashore for dinner. I paid a quarter into the cook's private exchequer, and so was fed. After the meal I approached my acquaintance of the year before.

"Hullo, Powers," I greeted him, "I suppose you don't remember me?"

"Sure," he responded heartily. "Ain't you a little early this year?"

"No," I disclaimed, "this is a better sight than a birling match."

I offered him a cigar, which he immediately substituted for his corn-cob pipe. We sat at the root of a tree.

"'*Clean birled!*'"

"It'll be a great sight when that jam pulls," said I.

"You bet," he replied; "but she's a teaser. Even old Tim Shearer would have a picnic to make out just where the key logs are. We've started her three times, but she's plugged tight every trip. Likely to pull almost any time."

We discussed various topics. Finally I ventured:

"I see your old friend, Darrell, is rear boss."

"Yes," said Jimmy Powers dryly.

"By the way, did you fellows ever square up on that birling match?"

"No," said Jimmy Powers. Then after an instant, "not yet."

I glanced at him to recognize the square set to the jaw that had impressed me so formidably the year before. And again his face relaxed almost quizzically as he caught sight of mine.

"Bub," said he, getting to his feet, "those little marks are on my feet yet. And just you tie on to one idea: Dicky Darrell's got it coming." His face darkened with a swift anger, and I glimpsed the flare of an undying hate.

About three o'clock that afternoon Jimmy's prediction was fulfilled. Without the slightest warning the jam "pulled." Usually certain premonitory *cracks*, certain sinkings down, groanings forward, grumblings, shruggings, and sullen reluctant shiftings of the logs give opportunity for the men to assure their safety. This jam, after inexplicably hanging fire for a week, as inexplicably started like a sprinter almost into its full gait. The first few tiers toppled smash into the current, raising a waterspout like that made by a dynamite explosion; the mass behind plunged forward blindly, rising and falling as the integral logs were up-ended, turned over, thrust one side, or forced bodily into the air by the mighty power playing jackstraws with them.

The rivermen, though caught unawares, reached the banks. They held their peavies across their bodies as balancing poles, and zigzagged ashore with a calmness and lack of haste that were in reality only an indication of the keenness with which they fore-estimated each chance. Long experience with the ways of sawlogs brought them out. They knew the correlation of these many forces just as the expert billiard player knows instinctively the various angles of incidence and reflection between his cue ball and its mark. Consequently they avoided the centers of eruption, paused on the spots steadied for the moment, dodged moving logs, trod those not yet under way, and so arrived on solid ground. The jam itself started with every indication of meaning business, gained momentum for a hundred feet, and then plugged to a standstill. The "break" was abortive.

Now we all had leisure to notice two things. First, the movement had not been of the whole jam, as we had at first supposed, but only of a block or section of it twenty rods or so in extent. Thus between the part that had moved and the greater bulk that had not stirred lay an hundred feet of open water, in which floated a number of loose logs. The second fact was that Dicky Darrell had fallen into that open stretch of water, and was in the act of swimming toward one of the floating logs. That much we were given just time to appreciate thoroughly. Then the other section of the jam rumbled and began to break. Roaring Dick was caught between two gigantic millstones, moving to crush him out of sight.

Jimmy Powers

An active figure darted down the tail of the first section, out over the floating logs, seized Darrell by the coat collar, and so burdened began desperately to scale the very face of the breaking jam.

Never was a more magnificent rescue. The logs were rolling, falling, diving against the laden man. He climbed as over a treadmill, a

treadmill whose speed was constantly increasing. And when he finally gained the top, it was as the gap closed, splintering beneath him and the man he had saved.

It is not in the woodsman to be demonstrative at any time, but here was work demanding attention. Without a pause for breath or congratulation they turned to the necessity of the moment. The jam, the whole jam, was moving at last. Jimmy Powers ran ashore for his peavie. Roaring Dick, like a demon incarnate, threw himself into the work. Forty men attacked the jam at a dozen places, encouraging the movement, twisting aside the timbers that threatened to lock anew, directing pigmy-like the titanic forces into the channel of their efficiency. Roaring like wild cattle the logs swept by, at first slowly, then with the railroad rush of the curbed freshet. Men were everywhere, taking chances, like cowboys before the stampeded herd. And so, out of sight around the lower bed swept the front of the jam in a swirl of glory, the rivermen riding the great brown back of the creature they subdued, until at last, with the slackening current the logs floated by free, caroming with hollow sound one against the other. A half-dozen watchers, leaning statuesquely on the shafts of their peavies, watched the ordered ranks pass by.

One by one the spectators departed. At last only myself and the brown-faced young man remained. He sat on a stump, staring with sightless eyes into vacancy. I did not venture to disturb his thoughts.

The sun dipped. A cool breeze of evening sucked up the river. Over near the cook-camp a big fire commenced to crackle by the drying-frames. At dusk the rivermen straggled in from the down-river trail.

The brown-faced young man arose and went to meet them. I saw him return in close conversation with Jimmy Powers. Before they reached us he had turned away with a gesture of farewell.

Jimmy Powers stood looking after him long after his form had disappeared, and indeed even after the sound of his wheels had died toward town. As I approached, the riverman turned to me a face from which the reckless contained self-reliance of the woodsworker had faded. It was wide-eyed, with an almost awe-stricken wonder and adoration.

"Do you know who that is?" he asked me in a hushed voice. "That's Thorpe —Harry Thorpe. And do you know what he said to me just now, *me?* He told me he wanted me to work in Camp One next winter—Thorpe's One. And he told me I was the first man he ever hired straight into One."

His breath caught with something like a sob.

I had heard of the man and of his methods. I knew he had made it a practice of recruiting for his prize camp only from the employees of his other camps, that as Jimmy said, he never "hired straight into One." I had heard, too, of his reputation among his own and other woodsmen. But this was the first time I had even come into personal contact with his influence. It impressed me the more in that I had come to know Jimmy Powers and his kind.

"You deserve it, every bit," said I. "I'm not going to call you a hero, because that would make you tired. What you did this afternoon showed nerve. It was a brave act. But it was a better act because you rescued your enemy, because you forgot everything but your common humanity when danger——"

I broke off. Jimmy was again looking at me with his ironically quizzical grin.

"Bub," said he, "if you're going to hang any stars of Bethlehem on my Christmas tree, just call a halt right here. I didn't rescue that scalawag because I had any Christian sentiments, nary bit. I was just naturally savin' him for the birling match next Fourther July."

Illustrated by B. Griswold

THE SLEEPY SONG

By JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

As soon as the fire burns red and low,
And the house up-stairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,
Of sheep that go over the hill.

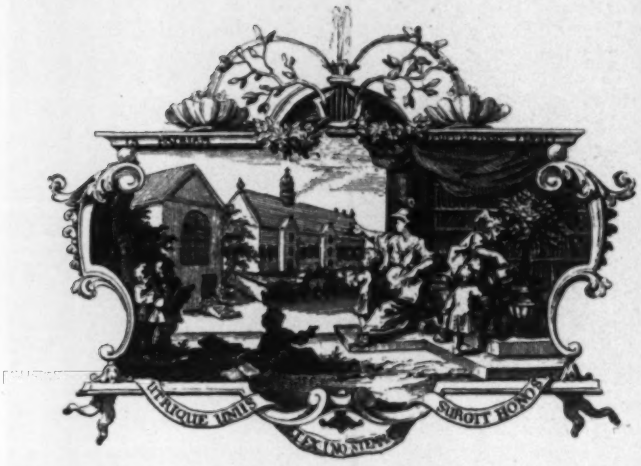
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white:
They follow their leader nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes next,
And one runs after behind,
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next—
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill,
The good little sheep run thick and fast,
And the house up-stairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.



TICKET FOR THE TIVERTON SCHOOL FEAST

HOGARTH

BY JOHN LA FARGE

Author of "Rembrandt," "Velasquez," "Dürer," Etc.

"The Hand of Art here torpid lies
That traced the essential form of Grace;
Here Death has closed the curious eyes
That saw the manners in the face."
—JOHNSON'S lines on the death of Hogarth.

THE name of Hogarth, familiar to all readers of English, is perhaps to-day too much of a mere name. His works, known to all our forefathers, are not often seen, for reasons which are more than those of mere fashion, but which come, as we shall easily discern, from great changes in social life. These have brought us to avoid statements in words or other forms of art that might shock us by a too plain expression; what we know, but what we wish to dress or cover up.

There may be many reasons, however, why it would be well to return, at least in part, into a knowledge and appreciation of the great man's doings. Works which have called out the deep and respectful admiration of such masters of the English tongue as Fielding, Johnson, Lamb, and Thackeray, must be in some shape connected with the moral elevation represented by these men. They were not only masters of English, but they were also representatives of the greater sides of the English character. They spoke of Hogarth also, as one of themselves; they spoke of him as they would of a writer, of a teacher by words. The expressions of their respect have thus become a part of the English language. The very names of his most famous works are common property even for those who have not seen them. The men of his time thought of him as a thinker, as a moralist, more than as an artist; the painters of to-day, freed from the fashions of the eighteenth century, recognize also in

PORTRAIT OF HOGARTH, BY HIMSELF

From the original painting in the National Gallery, London

Hogarth the merits of a great technician. The realistic turn of much of our modern art has taught us the value of such a direct vision of nature as Hogarth shows in what of his that is good. We shall see, perhaps, why a great part of his work, because we know it all, is contradictory to his real excellence. The fact of his clear vision, the record of his observation, gives us a view of the England of the eighteenth century which we can get in no other way. We can feel assured of its fidelity, and the eighteenth century of England has a pressing analogy with our

THE LADY'S LAST STAKE

From the original painting in the possession of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan

life of to-day. It was a moment of great social change, of a great movement of wealth and the energies producing it; of outside expansion, and consequent conflicts; we see at this distance how corrupt, cynical, and sensual a period may be, while our own is too near for us to know all the varieties of stuff of which it is made.

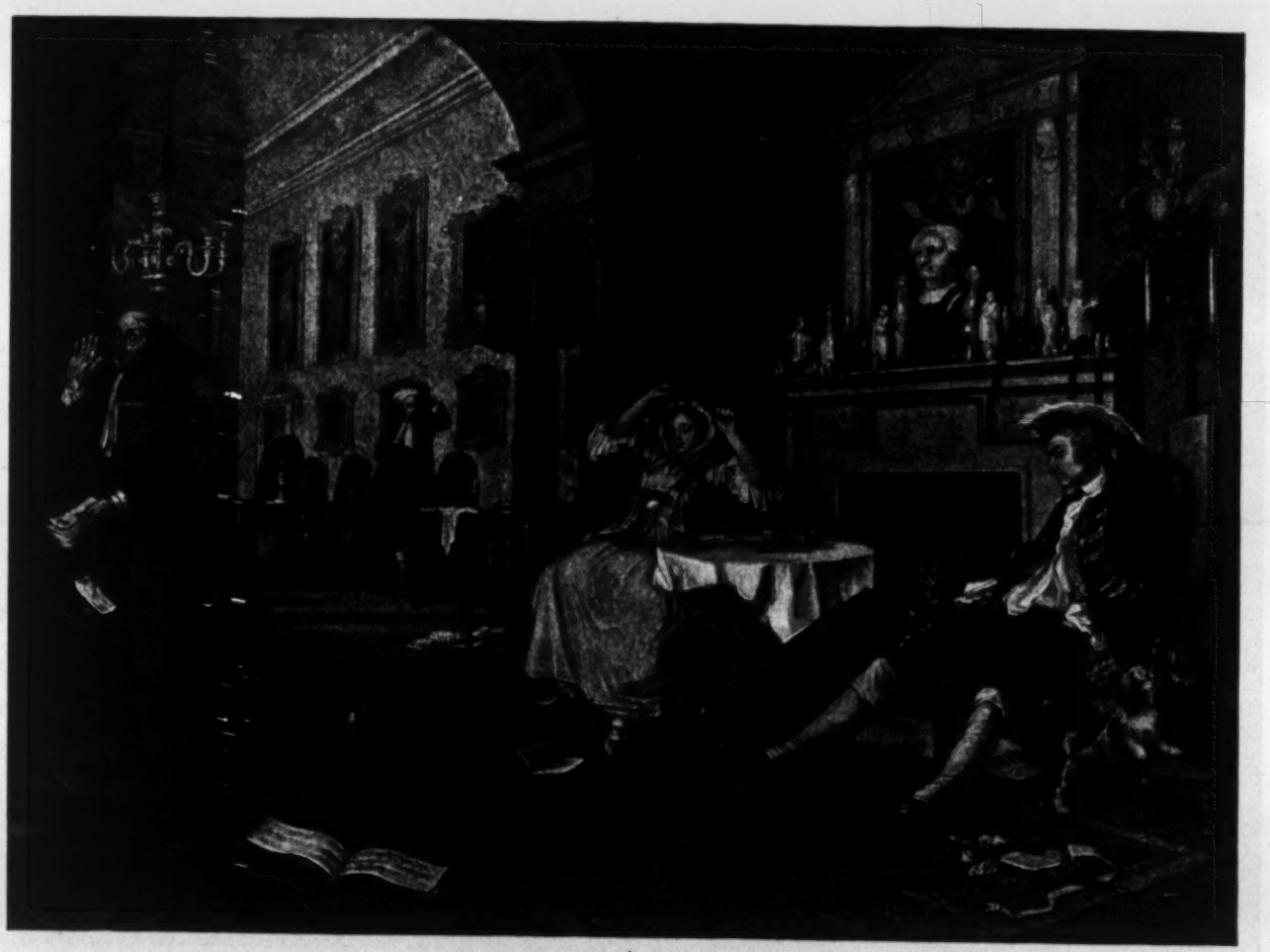
The hatred of vice, and contempt of shams, urged Hogarth to give us portraits, perhaps more real than life, of auctioneers, and art-charlatans, foreign adventurers, brutal judges, insolent and foolish lords and ladies, and of the immoral world in which they throve. He speaks of it all straightforwardly, without irony, without poetic fierceness, with no compassion, with a certain unrelenting steadiness of attitude as if his mind could not play over things he disliked and see any other side. But all the more, perhaps, does he represent the painter, the presenter of appearances. What he saw was clothed in forms of picturesqueness which helped to typify the characters he represented. They wore, as it were, the clothes of their calling. So that besides the eternal story, we see in his works the picture of a period which has faded away and has left no better external record than his; a period necessary for us to understand, because from its developments in politics, religion, morals, and social manners our beginnings were derived.

In that world of change and establishment of another order, William Hogarth was born in 1697, three years before the eighteenth century. He came of North Country people, plain yeomanry, and his name, Hogarth, may be a variation of the lowly one of Hogherd altered for more pleasant appearance. The plain mark of the plain man subsists through the works

of the descendent of yeomen, and the strong stuff of which they were built is the foundation of the artist's expression. His father was a schoolmaster, who came to London and did hack work for publishers. He could do no more for his children than "to put them in the way of shifting for themselves." "Shows of all sorts" gave this boy "uncommon pleasure when an infant, and mimicry, common to all children, was remarkable in him. An early access to a neighboring painter drew his attention from play, and he was employed at every possible opportunity at making drawings." "Soon," he says, "moreover, learning to draw the alphabet with great correctness." The boy's experience of "the precarious situation of men of classical education" brought him to be apprenticed by his own desire to a silver-plate engraver of Leicester Fields. We still have the show card of his employer engraved by the boy Hogarth. Engraving for printing soon became his ambition, and he made studies of his own to acquire a knowledge of drawing which his daily work prevented him from obtaining in the ordinary way. He seems to have learned his trade thoroughly, though he perhaps never knew how great a draughtsman he became. A certain modesty, inseparable from very great achievements, may have been the cause of the excuses he made for himself as if for deficiencies. It is also possible that the fashion of the time, which asked for what is called by a misnomer, finished work, kept him in a position of doubt as to whether his manner of work was adequate. Indeed, from many of his admirers, even as late as the nineteenth century, apologies have been made for the directness and brevity of his touch as engraver. Today we know that these defects were proofs of mastery, and we do not even think of comparing with him the engravers

SIGISMUNDA

From the original painting in the National Gallery, London



MARRIAGE À LA MODE

SCENE TWO—THE BREAKFAST SCENE

From the original painting in the National Gallery, London

MARRIAGE À LA MODE

SCENE SIX—THE DEATH OF THE COUNTESS

From the original painting in the National Gallery, London

of his time supposed to be more accomplished than himself in their technique.

He has, himself, recorded how he studied; and the record is in itself a manual for the young artist trying to increase his powers of representation. "For this purpose, I considered what various ways and to what different purposes the memory might be applied; and fell upon one which I found most suitable to my situation and idle disposition—laying it down first as an axiom, that he who could by any means acquire and retain in his memory perfect ideas of the subject he meant to draw, would have as clear a knowledge of the figure, as a man who can write freely hath of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet and their infinite combinations (each of these being composed of lines), and would consequently be an accurate designer. I therefore endeavored to habituate myself to the exercise of a sort of technical memory, and by repeating in my own mind, the parts of which objects were composed, I could by degrees combine and put them down with my pencil. Thus, with all the drawbacks which resulted from the circumstances I have mentioned, I had one material advantage over my competitors, viz., the early habit I thus acquired of retaining in my mind's eye, without coldly copying it on the spot, whatever I intended to imitate. My pleasures and my studies, thus going hand in hand, the most striking objects that presented themselves, either comic or tragic, made the strongest impression on my mind; but had I not sedulously practiced what I had thus acquired I should very soon have lost the power of performing it."

Studious he sate, with all his books around.
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profund!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there;
Then writ, and flounder'd on in mere despair.

THE DISTRESSED POET

From Hogarth's original engraving

THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY

From the engraving by Luke Sullivan

Thus studying and thus becoming equipped and making some little use of the school, he began to publish prints relating to the circumstances of the day, and to illustrate for books. No sooner had he begun to publish on his own account "than he had to encounter a monopoly of print-sellers equally mean and destructive to the ingenious." So that owing to his work being pirated, he could do little more than maintain himself until he was near thirty. He then began to paint what he called "small conversation pieces from twelve to fifteen inches high." "This," he says, "having novelty, succeeded for a few years." Some of these remain and show in a certain way the beginning of his power, and certainly his fearlessness of observation.

He had made the acquaintance of the family of Sir James Thornhill, "Sergeant Painter and History Painter to his Majesty." With the daughter, then scarcely nineteen, he made a runaway match. She is said to have been very handsome, and made an admirable wife. She long survived him, and until death was devoted to his memory. Lady Thornhill forgave the young couple, and later on Sir James on being shown, through the contrivance of Mrs. Hogarth, the paintings of the "Harlot's Progress," became reconciled to his son-in-law, and generous to the younger people. With this first series of what are called "The Progresses," Hogarth began and kept his reputation. That is to say that he made it by engraving from his paintings.

Portrait painting, which he had tried, he "found laborious, and insufficient to pay the expenses his family required." "I wished to compose pictures on canvas, similar to representations on the stage; and further hope, that they will be tried by the same test, and criticized by the same criterion. Let it be observed that I mean to speak only of those scenes where the human species are actors, and those I

PORTRAIT OF HOGARTH'S SISTER

From the original painting in the National Gallery, London

think have not often been delineated in a way of which they are worthy and capable. In these compositions, those subjects that will both entertain and improve the mind bid fair to be of the greatest public utility, and must therefore be entitled to rank in the highest class." . . . "I have endeavored to treat my subject as a dramatic writer; my picture is my stage, and men and women my players, who by means of certain actions and gestures are to exhibit a *dumb show*." . . . "This I found was most likely to answer my purpose, provided I could strike the passions, and by small sums from many, by the sale of prints, which I could engrave from my own pictures, thus secure my property to myself."

Thus, Hogarth explains the intention of these famous stories; for they are, as

it were, novels as well as plays in brief. He speaks of himself as we often think of him, as a writer, as a moralist, and it is quite possible to appreciate how and why a man comes to the wish to formulate some general idea of his in some form of art. But there is a mystery as to how Hogarth suddenly stepped from a manner of picture or drawing which is full of wit and observation, but yet the manner of a study or passing sketch, to a set form of picture, every part of which fits together with a look of necessity that reminds one of the great compositions of accomplished masters. All the arts of composition, usually the result of long comparisons, are used by him as if he had gone through the schooling of great practice. Neither the pictures, nor the engravings from them, by which we mostly know them, can be forgotten. They are complete units of expression. Their practical success was great, and from the beginning Hogarth was followed by public admiration. This might not have gone to the painter of the picture, merely seen by a few, but the placing of very many copies by these engravings allowed him to appeal to all varieties of class and liking.

Indeed, we can realize how little the *painter* Hogarth was appreciated by the fact that the great set of paintings of the "Marriage à la Mode" was sold at auction by Hogarth in 1750 for one hundred and twenty guineas, in frames that had cost four guineas apiece. The technical art critics of that day thought of him in Walpole's phrase "as having but slender merit as a painter," and with the Reverend Mr. Gilpin as "being ignorant of composition." To use his own ironical words, "the picture-dealers, the picture-cleaners, the frame-makers, and other *connoisseurs*" ranked him below the third-rate copyists of third-rate foreigners.

The combative spirit of Hogarth, a certain wrong-headedness of resentment, led him to a form of opposition which injures to some extent his position. He tried to prove by his own paintings of historical and sacred subjects, such as "Paul Before Felix," "Moses Brought to Pharaoh's Daughter," and "Sigismunda," that he could paint also in the way of the older foreign masters, praised by the critics and picture-sellers of the day. That they are failures is but justice. They were not painted from the love of nature, and vision of the imagination, which alone makes the work of art that has a life of its own. In his anxiety of opposition he went still further and caricatured Rembrandt's etchings, which at that time were again coming back to the knowledge and admiration of the century. There, also, he failed, having done, moreover, a disgraceful thing: an attack upon the reputation of a greater man than himself. He spoke and wrote in the same way, though privately to himself knowing better, but being unwilling to yield even reasonably in a quarrel. We may perhaps not find this contradictory in this great exemplar of British character. His true feelings are given in this statement to Mrs. Piozzi later in life. He was comparing Dr. Johnson's conversation to that of other men and he likened it to Titian's painting compared to Hudson's. "But don't you tell people now that I say so," continued he, "for the connoisseurs and I are at war you know; and because I hate *them* they think I hate *Titian*—and let them!" And Hogarth's power for verbal expression in controversy can be summed up in the story of his ultimatum to a nobleman whose portrait he had painted in his usual faithful but uncompromising manner. This is the letter:

> Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ——, finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's necessity for money. If, therefore, his Lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of with the addition of a tail, and other little appendages, to Mr. Hare the famous wild beast man; Mr. Hogarth having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition-picture, on his Lordship's refusal.

The spirit of opposition and of justification led him also very late in life into the mistake of publishing a theory of æsthetics, which he has called "The Analysis of Beauty." It contains, of course, some excellent talk; but has little value for to-day, and was never a real thing; being merely an attempt at establishing a general rule on insufficient data, to prove which all sorts of examples were brought up: examples which might as well have been used to prove other schemes of theory. This is again the example of the wrong-headedness, the wish to "fight to a finish," that limited our artist's use of his reason.

For Hogarth was a partizan, and many

of his famous etchings are drawn and engraved libels or pamphlets attacking either the Methodist, as a hysteric fraud, the Jacobite faithful to his convictions, as a traitor, or the foreigner as a bad lot, generally incapable of being in the right in war or peace when opposed by that modest and retiring England which sought neither aggrandizement nor wealth. But the greater works are based on ordinary morals. "The Harlot's Progress," "The Rake's Progress," "Marriage à la Mode," "The March to Finchley," "The Modern Midnight Conversation," "The Four Plates of an Election," must live as long as England itself. The characters of the dramas, or of the pictures of ordinary life in some cases reach to the quality of ideals. They are in their way of caricature what the Greek statues are in the way of summing up the glories of the body. As Lamb has said, "The jaded morning countenance of the viscount in scene second of the 'Marriage à la Mode,' lectures on the vanity of pleasure as audibly as anything in Ecclesiastes." No one has ever seated a figure of unrepenting disgust at his own dissipation in such a complete summing up of details of fact, and in the ease of that summing up, which makes it almost a portrait. And so for this one, and that one, of the types of his stories. To repeat them would be to describe for the ear what is meant to be read by the eye. There is little more to be said about him in a mere account. There are many details, many anecdotes, and he was too well known in his day for us not to know Hogarth well. The longer the biography, the more interesting. But no more than in the case of any sympathetic person. He did much work; he was admired and liked by certain men whose likings are an honor; he quarreled with some of a contrary standing; he earned a fair living and acquired a fair position; and left the record of an honest man in his life of sixty-seven years.

"On the 25th of October, 1764," says his biographer, "William Hogarth, very weak but remarkably cheerful, received an agreeable letter from the *American, Dr. Franklin*, and drew up a rough draft of an answer to it. Two hours afterwards he expired in the arms of Mrs. Mary Lewis, who was called up on his being taken suddenly ill."

"Death had closed the curious eyes
That saw the manners in the face."

I have not been able to find this last correspondence between the Englishman and the American. It would be interesting to know in what terms Dr. Franklin recognized the value of the English artist, and in what way the Englishman acknowledged compliments from one who was to be, a few years later, one of the great actors in the separation of America from England, and to help that development of character which has taken us farther and farther from understanding the genius of William Hogarth. For Hogarth's genius not only belonged essentially to the eighteenth century's middle strength, to ideas unaffected by the inquiries, the sentiments, the agitations which closed the century, and are prolonged into to-day, but he is also essentially English in the national and insular force of the word. Had he lived on with his full aggressive powers of fight, what caricatures and libels might he not have created to insult the views and the actions which later were to belong to our own development. It is natural to wish to realize the state of mind of those from whom we broke, and to pursue our intellectual genealogy into the ancient homes.

For this re-entering into the past, such a work as Hogarth's is a great help. Unlike most artists, he built his pictures out of the more transitory materials of politics and nationalism. The average heart of his time and place beats strongly in his pictures; their purpose and their morality seem at first sight limited to the use of that moment only, and it is only through the man's power—what we call genius—that the eternal truth lurks all through the smaller transient facts he liked to produce. At first sight, we may well feel that all these images are born naturally of that gross period which was steadily preparing England's greatness: the political venality, the moral corruption, the unblushing effrontery, as well as the slowness, the patience, the stupidity, which helped along the career of the Nation. Religious fervor, chivalry, respect for the virtue of others are with him subjects of contempt and abuse.

A great part of these surface characteristics are still visible to us at moments, in the life of England; perhaps

more at this special moment than during the years when more humanitarian sentiments belonged to the outside of public life, when the quiet of scandals had not been agitated by the publicity of the newspaper and the gradually growing interchange of class habits. When we reflect, however, or when we know better, we see typified in Hogarth a rude sense of justice, and that average morality and commonplace philosophy which is the great human basis, which saves families and nations, whenever individuals of note appear to disgrace the good repute of their fellows. And there is a certain safety in calling a spade a spade, even if we had rather not mention the word, and an open dislike of shams may sometimes tend to discourage them. Though the caricaturist and the satirist occasionally support injustice and protect the wrong, the habit of an organized dislike of what, on the whole, mankind dislikes—in others, at least—must produce a moral temper which will in the main support the nobler views.

With Hogarth for us there is only the difficulty of hearing a spade called a spade, and that we who look at his harsh pictures of both right and wrong, have usually rather different ways of failing, rather more elegant successes in virtue. We don't get drunk with the ostentation of Hogarth's gentlemen. Even if the haggard brutality of the poor and ignorant remains the same, it is probably less picturesque, that is to say, has not so distinct a type of its own, resembles more the brutality of the more fortunate. The variety of types has been levelled. The outside dress is the same for the "Prince" and the vulgarian. Perhaps the princes have come down, and the vulgarians have risen, but I am not at all sure of it.

But certainly I think that no *dilettante* foolishness of to-day can be dressed as typically as it was once in the pictures which Hogarth saw, and which he painted in the "Rake's Progress" and the "Marriage à la Mode." Even the mild attempts at dressing the part which obtain occasionally in European society, need to be violently exaggerated by the caricaturist to make them typify character. A caricature which should be as much a portrait of real life as Hogarth's would not to-day allow us to look behind any scenes. We might take it for any representation of commonplace life, select or otherwise; it would need to be aided by some abstract artistic rendering: for instance, to be in select black and white, like Mr. Du Maurier's drawings. The caricaturist of to-day who wishes to produce an adequate effect, is obliged to synthetize like Mr. Caran d'Ache, and help us to understand, by showing how much he can leave out. With Hogarth, all is the other way. He remains a painter, a lover of all the many divisions of Nature which painters like. It is possible to look at his paintings, or, at least, at some of them, and forget, as one might before Nature itself, everything but the beauties of physical sight. The details of reality which help to give to the intellect the sense of fierce contempt, are often pleasant bits of technique as, for instance, to choose a very small matter, the red hair of Lady Bingley in the "Toilet Scene" of the "Marriage à la Mode," or the loose, open mouth of the fashionable singer.

How beautiful the shadow falls behind the group in the Election Prints (the Canvassing for Votes). In what a grand way its great diagonal separates the little group of the two landlords contending for the vote of the newly arrived farmer. In these, or such works, Hogarth employed that "grand manner," which he was unable to obtain or to use when he tried for it, in his grand subjects. But of that psychological question we can think farther on. This very picture: the "Canvassing for Votes," gives us at once, separate and typical costumes of the "Blue" and "Yellow" landlord, the farmer, the electioneering agent, the Jew peddler, the cobbler, and so forth. Each one wears, as it were, the tools of his trade. Their habit of life is indicated in every fold of their dresses, nor do I suppose that it could have entered their head to wear a certain cravat, because of the "Prince's" wearing it. In that way, what we here call caricature is separated from our problems by an abyss of social changes.

It would seem but natural to look upon Hogarth's famous pictures as a manner of continuation of the Dutch painters who represented life in a certain spirit of caricature, but pursued in their works a continual study of all the problems of technical painting. Nothing, for instance, can

be better painted than a Jan Steen, or a Brauer, or a Terborch. The connection between the painting of England and the painting of Holland is the explanation of Hogarth's similarity. But it is only in his respect for Nature and his liking for the accomplishments of painting that this similarity exists. There is very little among the Dutchmen of that fierce moral sentiment, that want of respect for superiority, which is the great strength of Hogarth. The Dutch painters laugh with some sympathy at the brutality of the lower orders: when they represent people of their own class or of the ruling classes, they change their attitude of mind to fit another psychology. The bluff cavalier, in the picture of Terborch, who good-naturedly extends his fat fist full of money to the modest lady of the *demi-monde* is represented in such a way that we perceive at once that his mind and hers work more elaborately than those of the *canaille*. There is no apparent moral judgment of them by the painter. It is merely as if the wall of the room were removed and we saw people unawares and exactly as they are externally. There is perhaps as little caricature in such a painting as it is possible to find in any painting whatever. Even great and noble works might have some overcharge (caricatura) necessary to underline a meaning and assert an ideal.

With Hogarth the entire meaning is loaded with the intentions of exaggeration and of partizanship. Had he treated the same eternal subject as Terborch, we should have felt his hatred for the man's brutality and his contempt for the woman's meanness. We should not have the impression of an honest, good fellow, somewhat loose about small matters, or of a lady with a keen sense of business, but who might begin and end life most virtuously and properly. A spade would be called a spade, and there would be no doubt about it. Perhaps with still more pleasure, would Hogarth have struck a blow at the vice of the higher classes. One sees how near he is to that expression of "virtuous resentment," which honors a Johnson, and how he feels in the upper classes or in the classes that have power, an overbearing insolence which even the colossal rudeness of Johnson was insufficient to meet adequately. As Hogarth said himself, his pictures were "addressed to hard hearts." No one had thus painted before him, and the growing hypocrisy of England, its increasing outward show of respectability, based, as such things are, upon the existence of real virtue in many, have never allowed another expression in art, either literary or artistic, of such a moral temperament as William Hogarth. Nor anywhere else, I believe, has it come up again, except in the France of the last sixty years, where a tradition of the fierce appeal to "hard hearts" has persisted from the drawings of Daumier to the last caricatures of Forain.

By what I have said above, I by no means mean that Hogarth was an imitator of the Dutch; but it is impossible to suppose that he could have done otherwise than learn from those who were the masters of the preceding age. Their works were not far to seek, and many of their special qualities he himself embodies. I speak of him now as a painter, not as an engraver or a draughtsman, in the uncertain sense with which we use this last unfortunate word. He draws always as well as is necessary, and the interior drawing, as it is called, of his painting, is, of necessity, excellent, or we should not have that vital action and accuracy of expression which distinguish him in his paintings quite as well as his engravings. It is always a surprise for foreigners, who have not the habit of Hogarth, and know him only by his engravings, to find him so excellent a technician in painting. There is something beyond the excellent quality of his color, and its fulness; beyond the proper placing in the air of the objects he wishes to represent; beyond the subtlety of execution, either coarse or fine, of an enormous mass of all sorts of material, furniture, carpets, pictures on the wall; the outdoor surfaces of houses, and so forth —there is also, with all this, a certainty and manliness of touch which, of course, should belong to his moral character, but, of course, also imply study and constant perception. Johnson used the right word when he spoke of Hogarth's "curious eyes."

It seems more difficult to understand, or rather, to have a clear understanding of Hogarth's failing in some of his greatest qualities whenever he tried most strenuously in those subjects which most needed them. "I entertained," he says, "some

hopes of succeeding in what the Puffers in books call '*the great style of history painting;*' so that without having had a stroke of this *grand* business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and with a smile at my own temerity, commenced history painting, and on a great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, painted two Scripture stories, the "Pool of Bethesda," and the "Good Samaritan." These I presented to the Charity, and thought that they might serve as a specimen, to show that were there an inclination in England for encouraging historical pictures, such a first essay might prove the painting them more easily attainable than is generally imagined."

It may be that some analyst will be able to give us the exact causes which allowed Hogarth to make such a singularly specific failure in his "historical" paintings. I mean by this conventional word the paintings of the "Pool of Bethesda," for instance, "The Finding of Moses," "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn," etc. Properly his historical paintings are the great comic ones, "The March to Finchley," "The Election Series," indeed, all of his work which has a comic side. In the representation of a story, he seems to have needed this accentuation of comedy to keep himself from caricature. The true caricatures are his religious paintings. I confess to a certain inability when I try to explain and, if possible, excuse the genius of Hogarth, in these sorry instances. It would almost seem as if the spirit of reverence was an unaccustomed mood with this man who, however, certainly inculcated a solid respect for the average good and a contempt for evil.

His is not the only case, however, in English art. It might almost be said that except for something of Maddox Brown and something of the Italian, Rossetti,* there never has been any noble natural rendering of a religious subject by an English painter. It would, therefore, be unjust to single out Hogarth, and point out his failure. His work is but an exaggeration of the attitude of other English painters who have tried such subjects. They seem to act in their comprehension of the drama proposed to them as if they must abstain from supposing it to belong to human nature, to the story of humanity, and to be merely such a representation as might be made in an orderly sermon or a tedious prayer. Charles Lamb, in his defense of Hogarth, has pointed this out. He ends one of his remarks in the direction that I am taking, with these words: "Our artists are too good Protestants to give life to that admirable commixture of maternal tenderness with reverential awe and wonder approaching to worship, with which the Virgin Mothers of L. Da Vinci and Raphael (themselves by their divine countenances inviting men to worship) contemplate the union of the two natures in the person of their Heaven-born Infant."

It might, therefore, be pardonable, as by a race instinct, that Hogarth should have failed in his religious stories; one might say that he is only to blame for having considered himself bound to undertake them. But he is also deplorable when he undertakes, let us say, "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn." His heroes are nothing whatever, at the most; they may hardly rise to the height of being ridiculous. Like many a man accustomed to laugh at others, Hogarth does not seem to have had any perception of what might be ridiculous in himself. His astonishing humor stops at his own acts. When he attempted to ridicule an artist immeasurably greater than himself, Rembrandt, his caricature seems to be not any real attack on Rembrandt, but a distorted travesty of his own qualities and his own faults.

Here again, the disagreeable side of British character comes up—one feels the narrow hatred of the opponent or the superior, and the determination to carry off injustice by insolence. The great rival painter, Rembrandt—if we think it necessary to bring him down to the level of Hogarth—was a rival in all Hogarth's special qualities: the dramatist, the teller of stories, the master of composition, the great technical painter, the mind full of humor, but as grave as Hogarth is comic—a painter who of all other painters had that "curious eye" which Johnson gives to Hogarth, a man in whom tragedy and comedy were blended as in no other artist except Shakespeare, and in all this, the greatest perhaps of all painters, and yet a Dutchman. This distortion of Hogarth's

*I have purposely left out William Blake.

mind is a sad thing to dwell upon, but for us who are merely collating the facts, so as to understand Hogarth and his times, it is necessary to take in these marks of the time and of the place. It may even be that to see so simply, so straightforwardly as Hogarth the object of his dislike, that he might strike at it, a certain capacity for injustice was necessary and was developed by habit and by the combative spirit shown in his various quarrels and controversies. The wrong-headedness of the fighter may have followed him, even in his peaceful art. As usual, in the long run, it has turned against him. But the remainder is solidly good, and Coleridge was right, at least in his intention, when he speaks of "the same Hogarth in whom the satirist never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet." "Never entirely extinguished the love of beauty" is true, however unfortunate he may have been at moments when he was not a poet. And those are the cases of which we have been thinking. And Coleridge is right again in pointing out the gracious existence of some of his characters among crowds of deformities and vices. So that some such figure, in the words of Coleridge, "diffuses a spirit of reconciliation and human kindness."

These touches of sympathy or kind feeling not only make more tolerable the hardness, even the brutality of Hogarth's satire, but they add to the seeming truthfulness of the scenes depicted. They remind us of the existence of good in a world where evil appears to reign. They make more endurable that necessary exaggeration which must belong to the art of representation and which makes the bad to be punished, and the good to be triumphant, though we know very well that in some other form of art it might be shown how the innocent suffer, and the guilty go at large, with a moral lesson for good quite as powerful as the narrower justice of pictorial art.

THE SCHEME OF SUTCLIFFE, SWINDLER

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

SUTCLIFFE sat waiting at Steve O'Donnell's, in the little room behind the bar.

Sutcliffe was the man who in 18— sent fifty alleged drummers through the West, and mailed them from the East checks certified by his own private "bank"—checks which they proceeded to cash in hotel offices and bars. The whole thing was manipulated by Sutcliffe and a rubber stamp at this end of the line.

He was the man who, a few years later, in 18—, sold many vacant lots in New York city, owned by absentees and non-residents, and gave his deeds backed by the title policy of his own title guaranty company. This scheme was gigantic. After that they said he was the head of a syndicate of swindlers. But he wasn't. The syndicate consisted of Sutcliffe in the first place, and Sutcliffe's private stock of fine stationery and notarial and corporate seals. It was one man against the world, and nine times out of ten he won.

These are but two instances of the methods he adopted; he had a multitude of others.

He raised his head. A man stood in the doorway. "You're here at last, John Dawson," he exclaimed. "I've been a waitin' for you."

The man nodded his head. He looked tired and dusty. "You expected me then," he said.

"Yep. Your old man wrote me. Did you walk? What, all the way?"

The other assented. "Any money?" queried Sutcliffe.

"None," said the other, "except just enough to feed on the way. The lawyers got all there was to get."

Sutcliffe pulled out a roll of bills and peeled off two. "Take it," he said; "a

man feels better with money in his pocket."

"When did he go up State?" he continued.

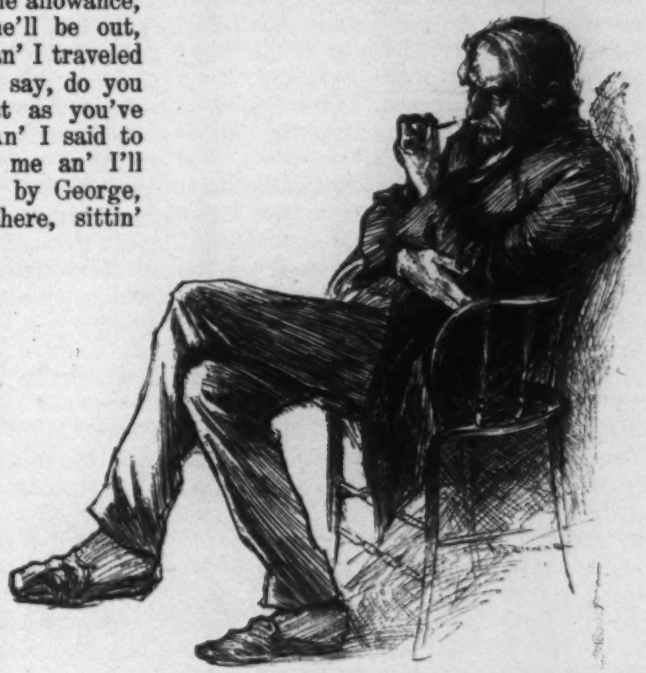
"Who? Father? Two days ago—in the morning."

"Fourteen year's a long time," sighed Sutcliffe. "I was in for six. That's long enough for me. With the allowance, though," he continued, "he'll be out, say, in ten year. Your dad an' I traveled a-team for many a year, an' say, do you know, I came to him, just as you've come to me, years ago. An' I said to him, 'Buck, you stood by me an' I'll stand by young John,' an' by George, John, I will. Now look-a-here, sittin' here I've been doin' a lot o' thinkin', an' I want to tell you— But say, what's the matter with me? What you want is to eat. Here, it's been waitin' for you. Sit down there an' eat it," he continued, "an' we'll talk afterward. Not a word now. You eat an' I'll smoke."

The one ate, the other smoked, in silence. Sutcliffe gazed long and earnestly on the young man's countenance. He was not a bad-looking fellow. Young—about twenty-five. Good square jaw, and a nose that stood out in the air. Good eyes, but a bit too much shrewdness in them. But stamped upon him, though only in a slight degree, was that strange, indefinable expression of face and manner that was stamped to an extent much greater upon Sutcliffe, and upon all men of that ilk—the innate individuality of crime.

"His face is a fortune to us," thought Sutcliffe. "He's the very man—the very man. Dawson," he said aloud, as the other concluded his meal, "I want to tell you something—something I've been thinking about for a long time. Now, see here, you're in this business to stay. I suppose you've about made up your mind to that. Lord, when I think of your father before you, and your grandfather before him! You're family's a credit to you, young fellow, let me tell you that."

"Now look here," he continued, "I'm goin' to stake you for all you're worth, an' you'll find out before I get through just *how* I'm goin' to do it. The big thing, Dawson, in our business, as you know, is to get the confidence of the people. It's a great business, but that's the greatest part of it. Once get their confidence, and the rest is dead easy. Now look at me. No man ever saw me dressed up in my life. Rough clothes, rough voice, and rough manner. That's me. An' what's more, I always had a shave the day before yesterday. Why, if I went into a man's office, the first thing he'd think was that I was a tramp. In five minutes he'd begin to understand that I didn't care much what he thought. Say, in a week that man'd be pretty sure that I was a millionaire mine-owner or a cattle king from the West. I looked it, I tell you, and acted it. And there wasn't a time, when I was after big game, that I couldn't put my hand down in my pants pocket and pull out a roll like this, if necessary. Say, in another week that man'd be runnin' after me, seekin' my favor, 'stead of me seekin' his. When I got to that stage of the game, you can place your bottom dollar, Dawson, I



Sutcliffe, swindler

could do business with him to my own satisfaction, and have it all my own way. In a couple more weeks or so I had him cleaned out an he knew it. Those were my methods, Dawson, and there wasn't a man before me that ever thought of playing the game as I played it. And those methods—say, where they failed once they won twice. Why, say, you've heard about some of them. Look at that Burlingame affair, an' the way I did young Stevenson. You heard o' them."

He puffed for a minute or two in silence. "But I tell you, young John, I'm out of it. They're on to my methods, and they're on to me, 'specially since I went up. Say, there isn't a dodge from Maine to Texas where I wouldn't be spotted—that is, in anything worth while. But say, there was a time when I would spend as long as a year, or two year even, just layin' the foundation to get into a man's confidence. I did that with old Bently, an' after all I only got about four thousand out o' him. Still it was money. But I been thinkin' your father an' me made a mistake. Sometimes we'd make a strike, but never over five figures, and generally only about three.

He laid down his pipe and touched the other on the arm. "What I ought to have done in the past, and what I intend to do in the future, Dawson," he said impressively, "is to deal with nothin' less than six figures. I'm goin' to make a big strike, or bust, an' ten to one on it I don't bust, either. Look a here." He spread some newspaper clippings on the table. "Here's a fellow got away with over seven hundred thousand dollars—you understand—seven hundred thousand. Here's another got three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Another four hundred and twenty-five—an' so they go. You know who these fellows are as well as I do—they're bank cashiers. But, see here, did any o' these fellows actually get away? No, indeed. Here, this fellow was caught—and this—and this. Say, do you think they'd ever catch me with seven hundred thousand? You know they couldn't. And where's the money these fellows took? Gone—long before they skipped. They'd been takin' it in driblets, long before they went. When they come out, they got nothing to show for it. Now, wait a minute, Dawson," he continued. "What's the thing that makes it possible for these fellows to steal and steal and steal for years? What is it? Why it's because they got the confidence of every mother's son in the bank, an' in the community, and that's what it is. That's the thing. An' why don't they get away with the stuff? I'll tell you why. It's because they're fools, instead of being knaves—that's all. Now d'ye see what I'm drivin' at? Put a man like you or me in a position where we've got the confidence of everybody—everybody, understand—and say, when the time comes to get away with a few hundred thousand, d'ye think they'd get *us?* But to do that thing a man's got to make a reputation, an' it takes years to make it.

"Dawson," he said, as he drew his chair nearer, "it'll be ten years afore your old man gets out. I'm goin' to sit down an' wait for him. I got about sixteen thousand saved out o' that last thing—the one I went up for—an' I'm goin' to wait, an' in the meantime I'm goin' to put you in a place where you can build up a reputation an' get the confidence of the community, an' when the old man gets out, if we can't light out o' here with six figures, you can count me out, that's all. There's just one place in the whole world we can go then and be safe."

"And that place?" said the younger man.

Sutcliffe drew his head down and whispered in his ear. The younger man smote the table with his hand. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, with a note of intense admiration in his voice. "Great Scott! Sutcliffe. I never thought of that."

"First and foremost, Dawson," said the former, "is there anything agin' you? Nothing to live down? Is there anythin' that you been mixed up in?"

"Nothing at all," said Dawson. "The old man kept me out of it until——"

"How about education?" interrupted Sutcliffe.

"Pretty fair," said the other. "It's good enough. As far as that goes, I'll do, all right."

"Then, by George!" exclaimed Sutcliffe, "it's done."

"Now, John Dawson, sit down and listen to me. This is most particular business. Back here across the river is

this here town of Monroe. Town? Say, it's a city, or pretty near it. I know that town from one end to the other, and the devil of it all is, the town knows me. There's more money an' more business in that town for its size than there is in any other town in the United States. Now, I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin' to stake you to the tune of about five hundred to start with. You will go and drop down on that town from nowhere in particular. You're goin' to start up a small hardware business in a vacant store at No. 41 Main Street. No matter why. I know what I'm about, an' I know just how to work it. I know who owns the store, but you'll find out that for yourself. You rent that store for a year and pay him cash three months in advance. You inquire around an' pick out a good cheap boardin' place, suited to a man without any money to spare. You'll want to stock up your store. You'll go to a man whose name you'll know when you get there. Don't pay a cent of money except to the owner of the store an' your landlady. Everything else you get in that town you want to get on credit."

"How'll I work that?" queried the younger man.

"I'm comin' to that, young fellow. There's just one man there who doesn't dare to refuse to do me a good turn. I did him one—but that's another story. That's the cashier of the First National. You give him this note. Wait a minute."

He took out a sheet of paper, and wrote. He tossed the paper upon the table. It read:

VAN SLYCK:—The man who hands you this is an honest man. When he needs references, give them to him. Yours, No. 356 ×.

"That'll fix it. Deposit your money in his bank. And then——"

"But what's the use of asking credit if I have the money," protested Dawson.

"Confound it. Can't you see that the only way to get a standing in a place is to ask credit? The man that pays cash can't get any credit. You order a small bill of goods on thirty days, an' on the last day, neither sooner or later, you pay for 'em. You give your note for fifty dollars you borrow, and when it's due, not a day sooner or later, pay it back. That's the start. The time comes when you can borrow five, ten, twenty thousand, on the name you've got. The more money you borrow, the more credit you ask, the better standing you'll have. That's the ticket. Now here. I know all about the hardware business, an' I know just why it'll go over there, an' I'll go over the

"Sutcliffe drew his head down and whispered in his ear"

details of the thing with you to-morrow before you start in. You want sleep—that's what you want. But Dawson, see here, let me tell you this, now and for all. Never, under any circumstances, be seen with me. Never write me a letter. Never recognize me on the street. Never mention my name. By George, that's vital. We've got to play this game accordin' to the cards. When you need money you report to me here. You report here every three months anyway, an' we'll talk things over. But outside o' that, never have nothin' to do with me one way or the other. And Dawson," he concluded as he rose, "until the time comes, an' I say the word, don't forget that honesty's the best policy. This is a deep an' wide game we're goin' to play, an' you've got to be as honest as the day is long. Don't forget it, Dawson; don't forget it."

Dawson turned in and slept for sixteen hours.

"This fellow out here," said the salesman to the wholesaler, "wants this small bill of goods on credit. He says he's started up a small place on Main Street. What do you think about it?"

"Where is he?" said the proprietor, getting up and looking through the glass partition. "Oh! is that the fellow? Looks honest enough. Any references?"

"Only Cassidy, the owner of the place, and Van Slyck of the First National."

"Call 'em up then, and I'll talk to them."

"Seems to be all right," he said after an interval of five minutes. "I guess he can have them. Don't sell him any more, though, unless you see me about it."

Of course, nobody but the people that Dawson dealt with ever bothered about him. He went on, slowly at first, as was natural.

"You don't borrow enough money," said Sutcliffe, at the end of the first three months, "and buy more goods on credit."

"But," said the younger, "I don't need the money, and I don't want the goods."

"Never you mind," said Sutcliffe. "What you want to do is to borrow. Borrow it and put it in the bank, an' then pay it back. Give your note. Let your paper float around. And people'll begin to know you. That's what you want. But always pay when due. Be sure about that. As for goods, I've found a way to create a demand for those. You go and see the Mayor, an' ask him for some small orders from the town. The man that he'll refer you to will give you an order. See if he don't."

"'*How are you, Alderman?*'"

Sutcliffe was right. Whenever Dawson saw that man he got the order. The man himself didn't know why, but his immediate superior did. And Dawson didn't care why, so long as the demand came in.

Five years later John Dawson stepped into the office of the president of the First National.

"How are you, Alderman?" said the latter cordially. "What can I do for you? What is it now, eh?"

"Mr. Breslin," said John Dawson, "I want to enlarge my place over here still more, but this architectural iron business I've got takes a good deal of my money. I need just about thirteen thousand dollars for ninety days. The question is, can you let me have it?"

"Dawson, there isn't a man in town that we'd sooner lend thirteen thousand dollars or any amount of money to, than to you. Of course you can have it."

"I didn't know," replied Dawson uncertainly.

"'I introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen, the man known here, there, and everywhere . . . as John Dawson, the Honest Man'"

It was the eighth year of the compact between Sutcliffe and Dawson, and in the year of our Lord 18—.

It was in the fall of the year, and the town of Monroe was in the throes of a mighty pre-election contest.

"Gentlemen—fellow citizens," shouted the chairman of the meeting in the Town Hall, "there's not a man or woman within the sound of my voice—there's not a man or woman in this town that cannot say with me to-night, in all sincerity and truth, with the absolute conviction that he or she is everlastingly right—there's not a man or woman that cannot say with me to-night—Honest John Dawson."

"Hooray" yelled the crowd.

"Hooray" yelled Sutcliffe with the crowd.

"I say, is there one?—in the whole wide world is there one such man or woman?"

"No! No! No!" yelled the crowd.

And "No! No! No!" yelled Sutcliffe.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the chairman, "it is my privilege, and I have the honor to introduce to you, the citizens of the old, old town of Monroe—now the glorious new city of Monroe—I introduce to you to-night the man who, by the grace of God, and the votes of the Republican party, shall be and must be the next treasurer of the great city of Monroe. I introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen, the man known here, there, and everywhere, in town and county, as John Dawson, the Honest Man!"

"Hi! Hi! Hi! 'Ray! 'Ray!' Ray!" yelled the crowd.

"Three cheers for the Honest Man," yelled Sutcliffe, and pandemonium broke loose.

"Two more years," said Sutcliffe to himself that night. Two years more. And then——"

The city of Monroe was upon the top wave of prosperity. It had wakened up

from a conservative business town of the old style into a great city of modern enterprise. New public buildings were being built, public parks were being laid out, bonds were being issued. Enormous sums of money were being poured into the city's treasury, more than ever before; far beyond the amount of the treasurer's bond. The money was lying there to meet the vast public improvements that were being made.

"It's a good thing," the people said, "that we've got John Dawson in charge of all that pile. He's honest as the day is long. He's the right man in the right place. That's clear!"

"Dawson," said Sutcliffe, "in three-months' time the old man'll be out. In three months. I've got everything—everything, mind, down to the smallest detail—arranged and in order. We'll leave on a Saturday night for you know where, and that'll give us thirty-six hours start. Hell itself can't catch us with that start. Now, as far as you're concerned. In three months' time—I've estimated that in about three months from now you can lay your hands on something over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Sutcliffe," said Dawson, with a grim smile, "in three months from now I can lay hands on eight hundred thousand dollars, and not a cent less."

"By George!" said Sutcliffe with a fierce joy. "By George! we've struck it. I didn't think you had it in you, Dawson," he said with a glance of admiration. "Honest, now, I didn't."

Three months later, Sutcliffe, the swindler, sat waiting in the little room behind the bar, at Steve O'Donnell's.

He raised his head. A man stood in the doorway.

"Here at last, Honest John Dawson," he exclaimed. "I've been awaitin' for you. Come in. Have you got it?"

"I have," said Dawson as he laid

"'Sutcliffe, . . . look here, I can't do this thing'"

down a bulky package on the table. He remained standing. Suddenly he addressed the other man.

"Sutcliffe," he said earnestly, "look here, I can't do this thing. I've got to back out. There isn't a man, woman, or child in Monroe that doesn't trust me to the end. I know," he said simply, "that it isn't right or fair to you to take this stand, but, Sutcliffe, you've taught me to be an honest man, you've built up a reputation for me, and I can't go back on it. I can't do it. There's no use. I'd do this thing if I could, Sutcliffe, but I can't, so help me God!"

The elder man stood silent for an instant; then he stretched out his hand.

"Shake!" he exclaimed.

"John Dawson," he said huskily, "there's more than that to it, and its just this. You've made an honest man of me. By God, you have!"

They stood there for some minutes. Suddenly Sutcliffe roused himself.

"Say, Dawson, the old man'll be here in a minute. He's due here now. What'll we do with him, I wonder."

"We'll have to make an honest man of him, too," said Dawson; "that's all there's left for us to do."

"Lord!" exclaimed Sutcliffe with a grim and retrospective smile, "it'll be a sure enough tough job, but I guess we've got to do it, after all."

THE WATCHER

BY EMERY POTTLE

... And this is Easter dawn?
This mighty calm, this white suspense,
This palpitant irradiance?
A bird-song comes to me full-throated—and is gone.
Yonder the village lies in honest sleep,
Now here, now there, some startled cry
Of waking vibrates clear and high;
How wonderful and strange this vigil that I keep!
Ah, hush!
The lips of morning flush and part,
In rapture breaks the song of day:
"Make fair thy way,
O watching heart, O loving heart,
Here in the new-green land of Spring
Here in the solemn hour of dawn,
Put thou thy shining garment on,
And run with joy-winged feet to meet thy risen King!"

THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

BY IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Life of Lincoln"

CHAPTER VI—THE DEFEAT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA

AS has been pointed out several times in the course of this history, Mr. John D. Rockefeller adopted, as early as 1872, the theory that he could control the oil business if he could control the refineries of the United States. Briefly stated, his argument was this: "Controlling all refineries, I shall be the only shipper of oil. Being the only shipper, I can obtain special rates of transportation which will drive out and keep out competitors; controlling all refineries, I shall be the only buyer, and can regulate the price of crude as I can the price of refined." It was a very pretty theorem, and by the end of 1878 Mr. Rockefeller had demonstrated it in a masterful fashion.

A New Problem for Mr. Rockefeller

The demonstration, however, had demanded the introduction of one factor which seems to have been quite unforeseen. Mr. Rockefeller had found before the end of the third year of his third campaign that the lasting control of oil refining could not be achieved without the conquest of one of the great departments of transportation—the pipe lines which gathered the oil from the wells and carried it to the railroads.

Now the pipe line system was in itself an intricate and extensive business, demanding constant fresh investments of capital and for its management a high order of executive and diplomatic ability. Nevertheless, when Mr Rockefeller saw that to obtain absolute control of the oil refining interest he must control the entire pipe line system, he did not hesitate at the bigness of the undertaking. Nor should we expect him to have done so. Nothing essential to his purpose has ever been too big for Mr. Rockefeller—just as nothing has ever been too small.

The Standard's First Pipe Line

He was not, however, inexperienced in pipe lines in 1877, when he concluded to take over the entire system. For four years he had been interested in them, and his holdings had been gradually increasing, more from the necessity of the moment, it seems to the writer, than for any definite purpose to monopolize the pipes. His first venture was in 1873. In that year the oil shipping firm of J. A. Bostwick & Company laid a short pipe in the Lower Field, as the oil country along the Allegheny River was called. Now J. A. Bostwick was one of the charter members of the South Improvement Company, and when Mr. Rockefeller enlarged his business in 1872 because of the power that enterprise gave him, he took Mr. Bostwick into the Standard. This alliance, like all the operations of that venture, was secret. The bitterness of the Oil Regions against the members of the South Improvement Company was so great for many months after the oil war that Mr. Bostwick and Mr. Rockefeller seem to have concluded in 1873 that it would be a wise precautionary measure for them to lay a pipe line upon which they could rely for a supply of oil in case the oil men attempted again to cut them off from crude, as they had succeeded in doing in 1872. Accordingly, a line was built and put in the charge of a man who has since become known as one of the "strong men" of the Standard Oil Company.

This man, Daniel O'Day, was a young Irishman who had first appeared in the oil country in 1867, and had at once made

so good a record for himself as a transporting agent, that in 1869, when the oil shipping firm of J. A. Bostwick needed a man to look after its shipments, he was employed.

The record he made in the next two years was such that it reached the ear of Jay Gould himself, the president of the Erie, over which Mr. Bostwick was doing most of his shipping. Now the Erie at this time was making a hard fight to meet the growth of a lusty rival, the Empire Transportation Company, which was handling oil for the Pennsylvania. So important did Jay Gould think this struggle that in 1871 he himself came to the Oil Regions to look after it. One of the first men summoned to his private car as it lay in Titusville was the young Irishman, O'Day. He came as he was, begrimed with the oil of the yards, but Mr. Gould was looking for men who could do things, and was big enough to see through the grime. When the interview was concluded, Daniel O'Day had convinced Jay Gould that he was the man to divert the oil traffic from the Pennsylvania to the Erie road, and he walked out with an order in his pocket which lifted him over the head of everybody on the road as far as that particular freight was concerned, for it gave him the right to seize cars wherever he found them. For weeks after this he practically lived on the road, turning from the Pennsylvania in this time a large volume of freight and making it certain that it would have to look to its laurels as it never had before.

O'Day's Oil-War Record

The next year after this episode came the Oil War. The anger of the oil men was poured out on everyone connected in any way with the stockholders of the South Improvement Company, and among others on Mr. O'Day. He knew no more of the South Improvement Company at the start than the rest of the region, but he did know that it was his business to take care of certain property entrusted to him. Resolutions calling on him to resign were passed by oil exchanges and producers' unions. Mobs threatened his cars, his stations, his person, but with the grit of his race he hung to his post. There was, perhaps, but one other man in the employ of the South Improvement Company who showed the same courage, and that was Mr. Joseph Seep of Titusville. Almost every other employee fled, the principals in the miserable business took care to stay out of the country, but Mr. O'Day and Mr. Seep polished their shillalahs and stood over their property night and day until the war was over. Their courage did not go unrewarded. They were made the chief executive representatives, in the region, of the consolidated Standard interests which followed the war, though neither of them knew at the time that they were in the Standard employ. They supposed that the shipper Bostwick was an independent concern.

It was a man of grit and force and energy then who took hold of the Standard's pipe line in 1873. Rapid growth went on. The little line with which they started became the American Transfer Company, gradually extending its pipes to seventy or eighty miles in Clarion County, and in 1875 building lines in the Bradford field.

The American Transfer Company was soon working in harmony with the United Pipe Lines, of which Captain J. J. Vandergrift was the president. This system had its nucleus, like all the others of the country, in a short private line, built in 1869 by Captain Vandergrift. It had grown until in 1874 it handled thirty per cent. of the oil of the region. Now in 1872, after the oil war, Captain Vandergrift had become a convert to Mr. Rockefeller's theory of the "good of the oil business," and as we have seen, had gone into the National Refiners' Association as vice-president. Later he became a director in the Standard Oil Company. In 1874 he sold a one-third interest of his great pipe line system to Standard men, and the line was reorganized in the interests of that company. That is, the Standard Oil combination in 1877, when Mr. Rockefeller decided that he must control the pipe lines as well as the refineries, was a large transporter of oil, for the directors and leading stockholders owned and operated fully forty per cent. of the pipe lines of the Oil Regions, owned all but a very few of the tank cars on both the Central and Erie roads and controlled under leases two great oil terminals, those of the Erie and Central. That up to 1877 the Standard people had aimed at controlling the other sixty per

cent. of the pipe line business the writer has no evidence.

The Great Rival Pipe Line

The Standard pipes had but one large rival—the Empire Transportation Company, handling a little over twenty-five per cent. of the oil of the region. This was the first organization which had gone into the pipe-line business on a large scale, and its history had been interesting and creditable. The Empire was first organized in 1865 to build up a freight traffic via the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, a new line which had just been leased by the Pennsylvania. Some ten railroads connected in one way or another with the Philadelphia and Erie, forming a direct route east and west. In spite of their evident community of interest these various roads were kept apart by their jealous fears of one another. Each insisted on its own time-table, its own rates, its own way of doing things. The Empire Transportation Company undertook to act as a mediator between the roads and the shipper, and to make the route cheap, fast, and reliable. It proposed to solicit freight, furnish its own cars and terminal facilities, and collect money due. It did not make rates, however; it only harmonized those made by the various branches in the system. It was to receive a commission on the business secured, and a rental for the cars and other facilities it furnished.

Colonel Potts of the Empire

It was a difficult task the new company undertook, but it had at its head a remarkable man to cope with difficulties. This man, Joseph D. Potts, was in 1865 thirty-six years old. He had come of a long and honorable line of ironmasters of the Schuylkill region of Pennsylvania, but had left the great forge towns with which his ancestors had been associated —Pottstown, Glasgow Forge, Valley Forge—to become a civil engineer. His profession had led him to the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad, where he had held important positions, and it was in connection with that road that he now undertook the organization of the Empire Transportation Company. Colonel Potts —the title came from his service in the Civil War—possessed a clear and vigorous mind; he was far-seeing, forceful in execution, fair in his dealings. To marked ability and integrity he joined a gentle and courteous nature.

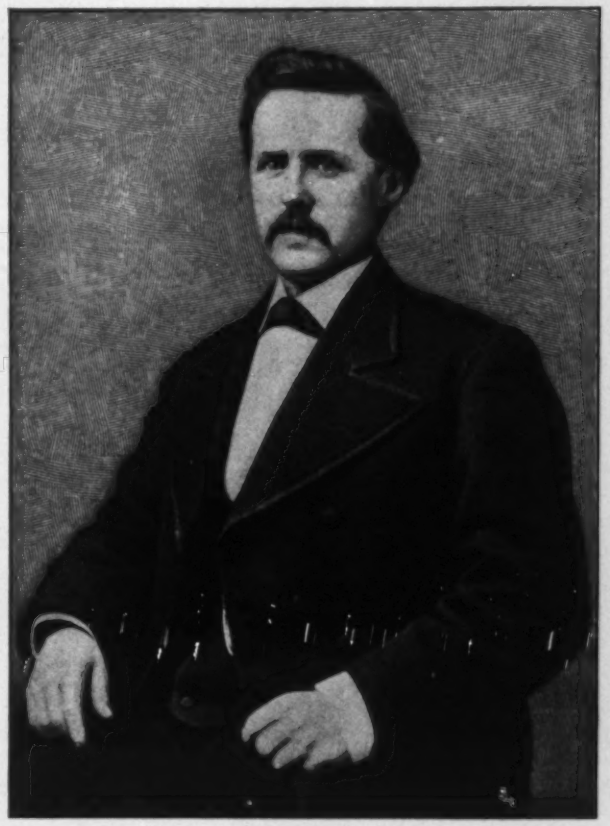
The first freight which the Empire Transportation Company attacked was oil. The year was a great one for the Oil Regions, the year of Pithole. The handling of the great output of oil pouring from that field was a serious question. There seemed not enough cars in the country to carry it, and shippers resorted to every imaginable trick to get accommodations. When the agent of the Empire Transportation Company opened his office in June, 1865, and demonstrated his ability to furnish cars regularly and in large numbers, trade rapidly flowed to him. Now the Empire agency had hardly been established when the Van Syckle pipe line, the first successful line, began to carry oil from Pithole to the railroad. This line of two-inch pipe was five and one-half miles long. It was worked by relay pumps and carried eighty barrels of oil an hour. The ease and cheapness with which it did its work revolutionized transportation, and one line after another was laid from the big oil fields to the railroads. The railroads saw at once that pipes were destined speedily to do all the gathering, and hastened to ally themselves with them. It was even reported that Gould and Fiske of the Erie were preparing to buy up all the lines laying, in order to cut off the oil supply of the Empire Transportation Company. Colonel Potts, to forestall any such movement, took a hand himself, and in the spring of 1866 bought a new line, nine miles long, running from Pithole to Titusville, which as yet had not been wet.

When the Empire Transportation Company took over this pipe line nothing had been demonstrated but that oil could be driven, by relay pumps, five miles through a two-inch pipe. Methods of handling and accounting for the oil, of insuring against fraud, fire, and waste, an entire new business system had to be devised for the new carrier. In less than three years the Empire had worked out a system of the efficiency of which it is enough to say that in all essentials it is the one in operation to-day. And as it developed ways of doing things, the Empire grew steadily and vigorously. Indeed, by 1876 the

company was the most perfectly developed oil transporter in the country. It operated five hundred miles of pipe, owned a thousand oil-tank cars, controlled large oil yards at Communipaw, New Jersey, was in every respect indeed a model business organization, and it had the satisfaction of knowing that what it was it had made itself from raw material, that its methods were its own, and that the practices it had developed were those followed by all its rivals.

Mr. Rockefeller Demands More Rebates

The pipe lines of the oil region were all rapidly coming under the control of one or the other of the great systems described above, when, in the spring of 1875, Mr. Rockefeller announced to the railroads that as he controlled practically the entire refining interests of the country they must give him a rebate if they expected him to allow to each what it claimed was its percentage of the oil traffic. Now, as we have seen, the Central road had long before the days of the South Improvement Company accepted Mr. Rockefeller's idea that one shipper handling the entire oil business and giving the railroads an agreed percentage of his business was much more profitable and convenient than many shippers, and it, of course, conceded the ten per cent. rebate without parley.* The Erie, under the presidency of Mr. Watson, the former president of the South Improvement Company, naturally agreed to Mr. Rockefeller's demand. The Pennsylvania held out for some time against the notion. A new constitution was adopted in Pennsylvania in 1874, which took a very decided stand against discrimination of all descriptions, and Mr. Scott, knowing full well that the Convention had him in mind when it framed the articles forbidding rebates, evidently was trying to keep himself within the danger line. Mr. B. B. Campbell, an aggressive oil producer, who could hardly be suspected of any sort of charity where a railroad was concerned, said in his testimony in 1879, when the Pennsylvania was under investigation, that he believed the road had strictly adhered to the contract of March, 1872, with the oil men, and that the enforcement of the letter of that contract was the ruin of its customers. It was certain that at least one of the largest shippers of crude oil the Pennsylvania had ever had, W. T. Scheide, left the road at this period, because they had "a peculiar idea," he said, "that all shippers should be placed upon the same basis." †



DANIEL O'DAY IN 1872

Mr. O'Day is now vice-president of the National Transit Company, one of the constituent companies of the Standard.

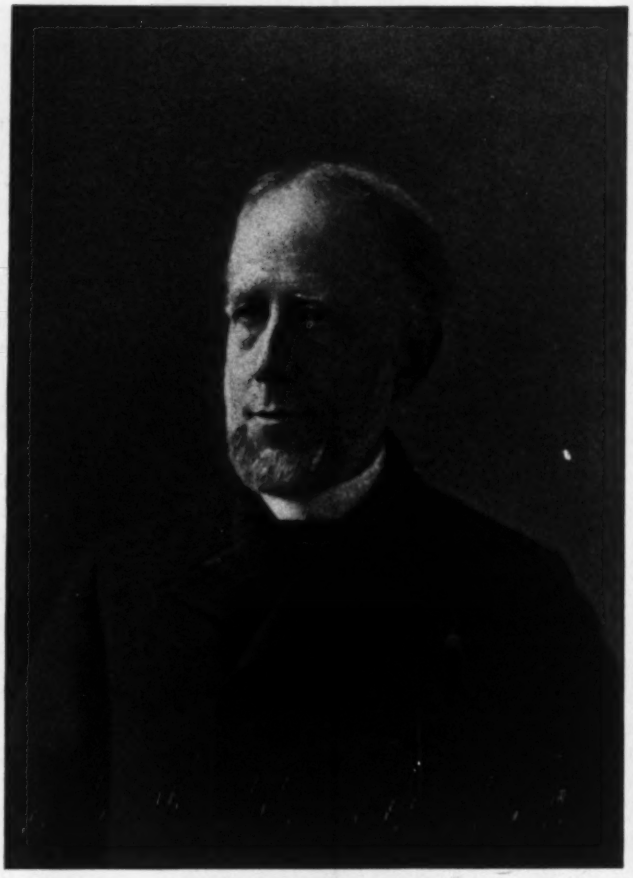
Colonel Potts Protests

Colonel Potts, as the head of the Empire Line, had great influence in the Penn-

* See statement of General J. H. Devereux, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for December, 1902.

† Hepburn Commission for the Investigation of Railroad Discriminations, 1879.

sylvania conferences, and always fought rebates to a single shipper on the ground of policy. "In the first place it concentrates great power in the hands of one party over the trade of the road," he told an investigating committee of Congress in 1888. "They can remove it at pleasure. In the second place I think a large number of parties engaged in the same trade are very apt to divide themselves into two different classes as to the way of viewing markets; one class will be hopeful, and the other the reverse. The result will be there will be always one or the other class engaged in shipping some of the traffic. . . . The whole question seems to me to resolve itself into determining what policy will bring the largest volume in the most regular way to the carrier; and it is my opinion, based upon such experience as I have had, that a hundred shippers of a carload a day would be sure to give to a carrier a more regular volume of business, and I think, probably, a larger total volume of business in a year's time than one shipper of a hundred cars a day." *



COLONEL JOSEPH D. POTTS

After the liquidation of the Empire Transportation Company in 1877, Colonel Potts continued to hold, until 1891, the presidency of the Erie and Western Transportation Company, an organization operating, in connection with the Pennsylvania railroad, a large fleet of freight and passenger boats on the Great Lakes. He was interested in a large number of transportation enterprises, among them the International Navigation Company. Colonel Potts died in 1893.

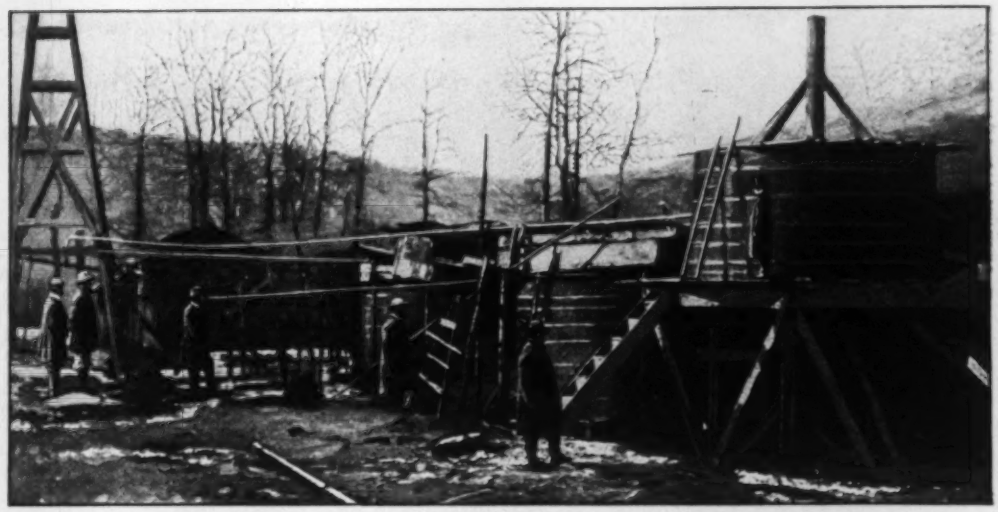
Holding this theory, Colonel Potts opposed strenuously the rebate of ten per cent. which the Pennsylvania allowed Mr. Rockefeller in 1875, in return for a percentage of the oil business. Three years later, in a paper discussing the Standard Oil Company's career from its beginning, he said of this rebate and its consequences:

Colonel Potts's Opinion of the Standard

The rebate was a modest one, as was its recipient. Yet the railway Cassandras prophesied from it a multitude of evils—a gradual destruction of all other refiners, and a gradual absorption of their property by the favorite, who, with this additional armament, would rapidly progress towards a control of all cars, all pipes, all production, and finally of the roads themselves. Their prophecies met but little faith or consideration. The Standard leaders themselves were especially active in discouraging any such radical purpose. Their little rebate was enough for them. Everybody else should prosper, as would be shortly seen. They needed no more refineries; they had already more than they could employ—why should they hunger after greater burdens? It was the railroads they chiefly cared for, and next in their affections stood the one hundred rival refineries. Such beneficent longings as still remained (and their bosoms overflowed with them) spread out it steady waves toward the "poor producers" whom, not to be impious, they had always been ready to gather under their wings, yet they would not.

This unselfish language soothed all alarm into quiet slumbering. It resembles the gentle fanning of the vampire's wings, and it had the same end in view—the undisturbed abstraction of the victim's blood.

* House Trust Investigation, 1888.



NOBLE & DELEMATER WELL, FARRELL FARM, OIL CREEK, 1863

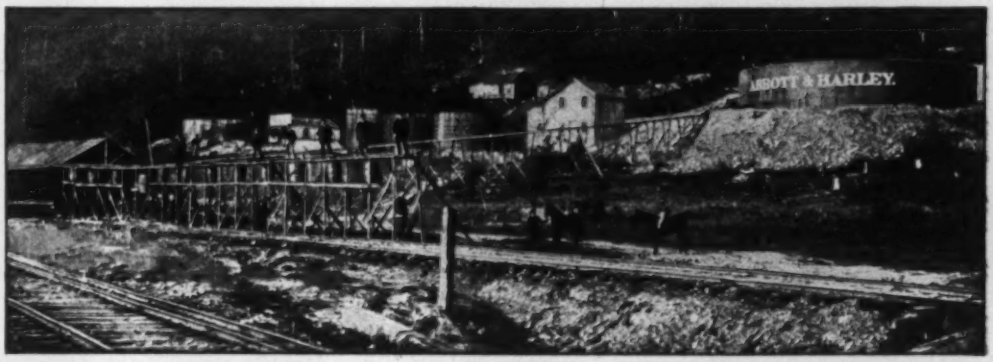
Showing method of carrying oil from well to wooden storage tanks

The final agreement with the railways was scarcely blotter-dried ere stealthy movements toward the whole line of outside refiners were evident, although rather felt than seen. As long as practicable, they were denied as mere rumors, but as they gradually became accomplished victories, as one refiner after another, through terror, through lack of skill in ventures, through financial weakness, fell shivering with dislike into the embrace of this commercial Octopus, a sense of dread grew rapidly among those independent interests which yet lived, and notably among a portion of the railroad transporters.

The chief "railroad transporter" who shared with the independents the sense of dread which Mr. Rockefeller's absorption of refineries awakened was Mr. Potts himself. As he saw the independents of Pittsburg, Philadelphia, New York, and the Creek, shutting down, selling out, going into bankruptcy, while the Standard and its allies grew bigger day by day, he concluded to prevent, if possible, the one shipper in the oil business.

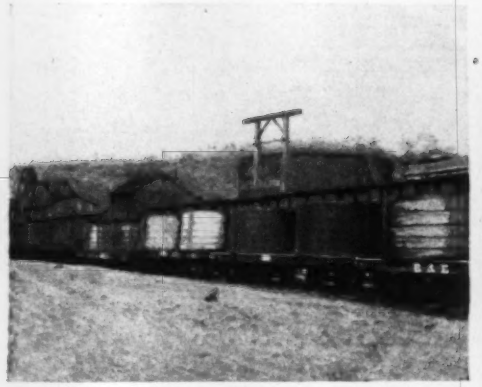
The Empire Retaliates

"We reached the conclusion," said Colonel Potts in 1888, "that there were three great divisions in the petroleum business—the production, the carriage of it, and the preparation of it for market. If any one party controlled absolutely any one of those three divisions, they practically would have a very fair show of controlling the others. We were particularly



RAILROAD TERMINUS OF AN EARLY PIPE LINE

Abbott & Harley was the name of the second firm which went into the pipe line business. The oil was received from their pipe line into the iron tank standing on the hill. From the tank the oil was carried by pipe to a rack parallel to the track of the railroad. Oil barrels were distributed the length of the rack, each of them under a faucet from which it could be filled. As fast as filled they were loaded, usually on rack cars.



WOODEN CAR TANKS

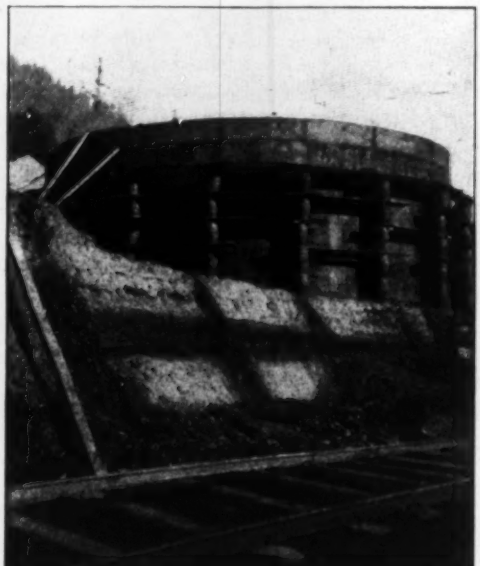
BOILER TANK CARS

Wooden tanks mounted on cars succeeded the method of carrying oil in barrels. They were displaced by the iron tank car now in use, which was introduced by the Empire Transportation Company in 1872.*

solicitous about the transportation, and we were a little afraid that the refiners might combine in a single institution, and some of them expressed a strong desire to associate themselves permanently with us. We therefore suggested to the Pennsylvania road that we should do what we did not wish to do—associate ourselves. That is, our business was transportation and nothing else; but, in order that we might reserve a nucleus of refining capacity to our lines, we suggested we should become interested in one or more refineries, and we became interested in two, one in Phiadelphia and one in New York. It was incidental merely to our transportation. The extreme limit was four thousand barrels a day only."

The Standard Calls a Halt

It was in the spring of 1876 that the Empire began to interest itself in refineries. No sooner did Mr. Rockefeller discover this than he sought Mr. Scott and Mr. Cassatt, then the third vice-president of the Pennsylvania, in charge of transportation. It was not *fair!* Mr. Rockefeller urged. The Empire was a transportation company. If it went into the refining business it was not to be expected that it would deal as generously with rivals as with its own factories; besides, it would disturb the one shipper who, they all had agreed, was such a benefit to the railroads. Mr. Scott and Mr. Cassatt might have reminded Mr. Rockefeller that he was as truly a transporter as the Empire, but if they did they were met with a prompt denial of this now well-known fact. He was an oil refiner—only that and nothing more. "They tell us that they do not control the United Pipe Lines," Mr. Cassatt said in his testimony in 1879. Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Jewett soon joined their protests to Mr. Rockefeller's. "The steps it (the Empire) was then taking," said Mr. Jewett, "unless checked would result in a diversion largely of the transportation of oil from



CONSTRUCTING AN IRON TANK FOR STORING OIL

* The illustrations on pages 611 and 612 are from photographs furnished by J. A. Mather of Titusville, Pennsylvania, as most of the illustrations used in the preceding instalment of this History of the Standard Oil Company have been. Mr. Mather is the veteran photographer of the Oil Region, owning an almost complete collection of the oil men, oil wells and oil farms from 1860 until the present day. A collection unique, we believe, in the history of American industry.

Drawn by George Varian

LAYING A SIX-INCH PIPE LINE, CAIRO, WEST VIRGINIA

OIL IS CARRIED FROM THE WELLS BY PIPES TO TANKS ALONG THE MAIN LINE. IT IS FORCED THROUGH THE MAIN LINE BY POWERFUL PUMPS LOCATED AT INTERVALS OF FIFTY TO ONE HUNDRED MILES

our roads; the New York Central road and our own determined that we ought not to stand by and permit those improvements and arrangements to be made which, when completed, would be beyond our control."*

These protests increased in vehemence, until finally the Pennsylvania officials remonstrated with Mr. Potts. "We endeavored," says Mr. Cassatt, "to try to get those difficulties harmonized, talked of getting the Empire Transportation Company to lease its refineries to the Standard Oil Company, or put them into other hands, but we did not succeed in doing that." "Rather than do that," Colonel Potts told Mr. Cassatt, when he proposed that the Empire sell its refineries, "we had rather you would buy us out and close our contract with you."

When the Standard Oil Company and its allies, the Erie and Central, found that the Pennsylvania would not or could not drive the Empire from its position, they determined on war. Mr. Jewett, the Erie president, in his testimony of 1879, before the Hepburn Commission, takes the burden of starting the fight. "Whether the Standard Oil Company was afraid of the Empire Line as a refiner," he said, "I have no means of knowing. I never propounded the question. We were opposed to permitting the Empire Line, a creature of the Pennsylvania Railroad, to be building refineries, to become the owners of pipe lines leading into the oil field and leading to the coast, without a contest, and we made it without regard to the Standard Oil Company or anybody else; but when we did determine to make it I have no doubt we demanded of the Standard Oil Company during the

THE ROUTE OF THE PIPE LINE IS PATROLLED NIGHT AND DAY THAT BREAKS OR DISTURBANCES MAY BE PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

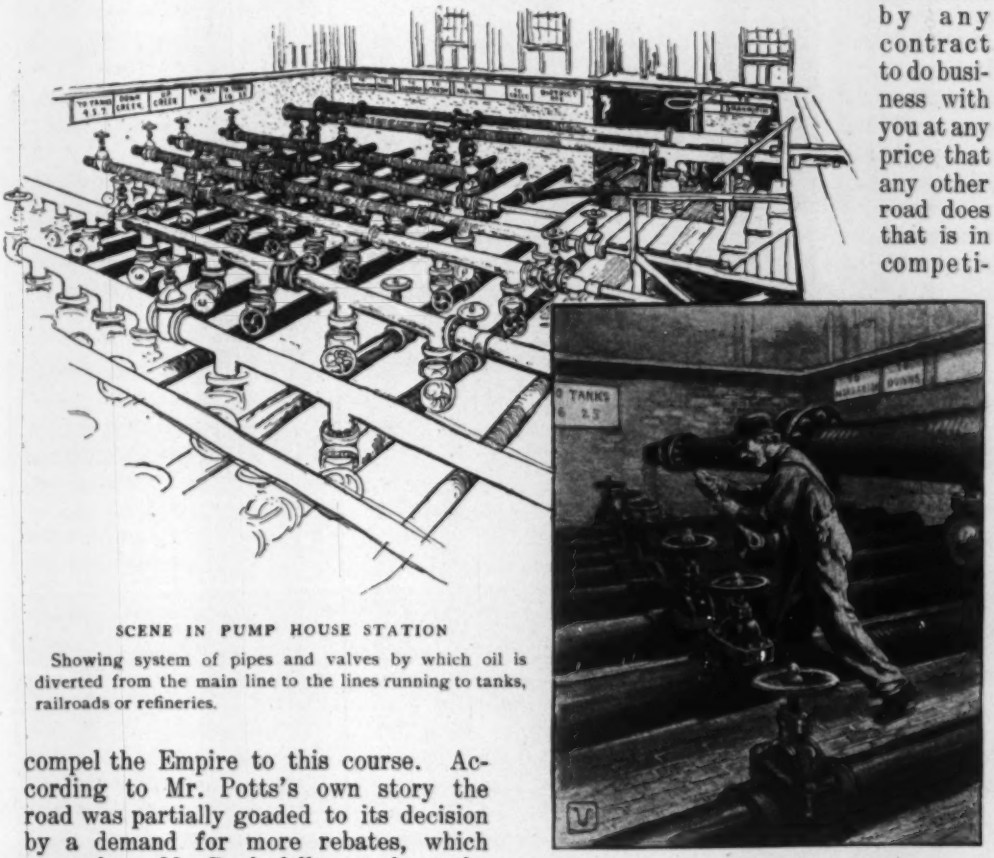
* Hepburn Commission, 1879.

contest to withdraw its shipments from the Pennsylvania."

The Pennsylvania Stands by the Empire

Backed by the Erie and Central, Mr. Rockefeller, in the spring of 1877, finally told Mr. Cassatt that he would no longer send any of his freight over the Pennsylvania unless the Empire gave up its refineries. The Pennsylvania refused to compel the Empire to this course. According to Mr. Potts's own story the road was partially goaded to its decision by a demand for more rebates, which came from Mr. Rockefeller at about the time he pronounced his ultimatum on the Empire. "They swooped upon the railways," says Colonel Potts, "with a demand for a vast increase in their rebate. They threatened, they pleaded, it has been said they purchased—however that may be—they conquered. Minor officials entrusted with the vast power of according secret rates conceded all they were asked to do, even to concealing from their superiors for months the real nature of their illegal agreements." Probably it was at this time that there took place the little scene between Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Rockefeller and his colleagues, of which the former told the Hepburn Commission in 1879. The Standard people were after more rebates. They affirmed other roads were giving larger rebates than Mr. Vanderbilt, and that their contract with him obliged him to give as much as anybody else did.

"Gentlemen," he told them, "you cannot walk into this office and say we are bound by any contract to do business with you at any price that any other road does that is in competition with us; it is only on a fair competitive basis, a fair competition for business at a price that I consider will pay the company to do it."



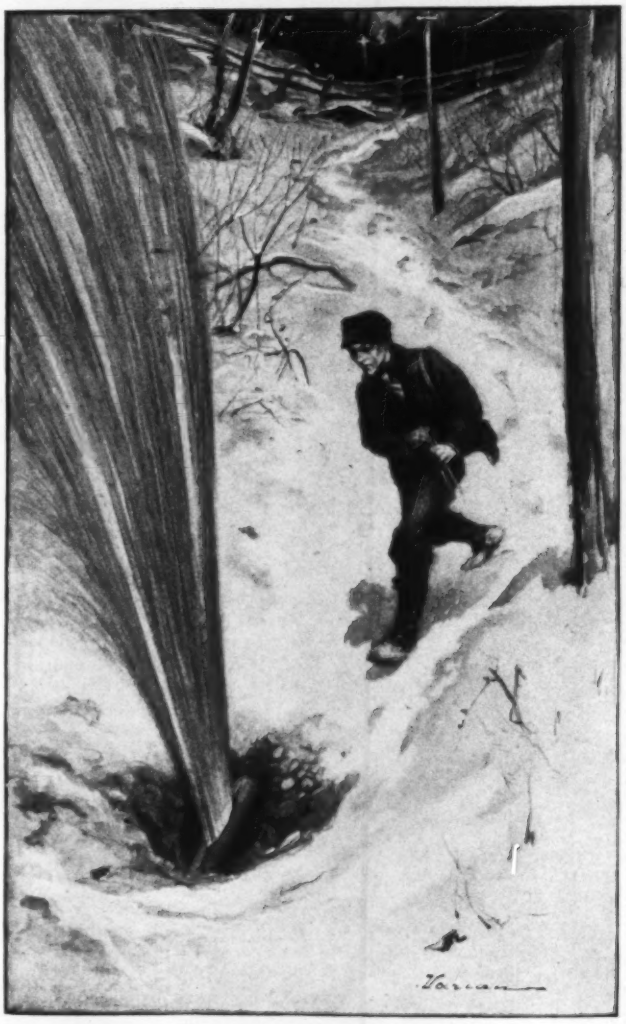
SCENE IN PUMP HOUSE STATION

Showing system of pipes and valves by which oil is diverted from the main line to the lines running to tanks, railroads or refineries.

Soon after this interview, so rumor says, Mr. Vanderbilt sold the Standard stock he had acquired as a result of the deals made through the South Improvement Company. "I think they are smarter fellows than I am, a good deal," he told the commission, somewhat ruefully. "And if you come in contact with them I guess you will come to the same conclusion."

The Standard Attacks the Pennsylvania

Spurred on then by resentment at the demands for new rebates, as well as by the injustice of Mr. Rockefeller's demand that the Empire give up its refineries, the Pennsylvania accepted the Standard's challenge, resolved to stand by the Empire, and henceforth to treat all its shippers alike. No sooner was its resolution announced in March, 1877, than all the freight of the Standard, amounting to fully sixty-five per cent. of the road's oil traffic, was taken away. An exciting situation, one of out-and-out war, developed, for the Empire at once entered on an energetic campaign to make good its loss by developing its own refineries and by forming a loyal support among the independent oil men. Day and night the officers worked on their problem, and with growing success. When Mr. Rockefeller saw this he summoned his backers to action. The Erie and Central began to cut rates to entice away the independents. It is a sad reflection on both the honor and the foresight of the body of oil men who had been crying so loudly for help, that as soon as the rates were cut on the Standard lines many of them began to attempt to force the Pennsylvania to follow. "They found the opportunity for immediate profits by playing one belligerent against the other too tempting to resist," says Colonel Potts. "We paid them large rebates," said Mr. Cassatt; "in fact, we took anything we could get for transporting their oil. In some cases we paid out in rebates more than the whole freight. I recollect one instance where we carried oil to New York for Mr. Ohlen, or some one he represented, I think at eight cents less than nothing. I do not say any large quantities, but oil was carried at that rate."



A BREAK IN THE PIPE LINE

Rate Cutting: But One Outcome Possible

While the railroads were waging this costly war, the Standard was carrying the fight into the refined market. The Empire had gone systematically to work to develop markets for the output of its own and of the independent refineries. Mr. Rockefeller's business was to prevent any such development. He was well equipped for the task by his system of "predatory competition," for in spite of the fact that Mr. Rockefeller claimed

that underselling to drive a rival from a market was one of the evils he was called to cure, he did not hesitate to employ it himself. Indeed, he had long used his freedom to sell at any price he wished for the sake of driving a competitor out of the market with calculation and infinite patience. Other refiners burst into the market and undersold for a day; but when Mr. Rockefeller began to undersell, he kept it up day in and day out, week in and week out, month in and month out, until there was literally nothing left of his competitor. A former official of the Empire Transportation Company, who in 1877 took an active part in the war his company was waging against the Standard, once told the writer that in every town, north or south, east or west, in which they already had a market for their refined oil, or attempted to make one, they found a Standard agent on hand ready to undersell. The Empire was not slow in underselling. It is very probable that in many cases they began it, for, as Mr. Cassatt says, "They endeavored to injure us and our shippers all they could in that fight, and we did the same thing."

In spite of the growing bitterness and cost of the contest, the Empire had no thought of yielding. Mr. Potts's hope was in a firm alliance with the independent oil men, many of the strongest of whom were rallying to his side. At the beginning of the fight he had very shrewdly enlisted in his plan one of the largest independent producers of the day, Mr. B. B. Campbell, of Butler. "Being a pleasure and a duty to me," says Mr. Campbell, "I entered into the service with all the zeal and power that I have. I made a contract with the Empire Line wherein I bound myself to give all my business to this line." At the same time Mr. Potts sought the help of the man who was generally accepted as the coolest, most intelligent, and trustworthy adviser in matters of transportation the Oil Regions had, Mr. E. G. Patterson, of Titusville. Mr. Patterson was a practical railroad man, and an able and logical opponent of the rebate and "one shipper" systems. He had been prominent in the fight against the South Improvement Company, and since that time he had persistently urged the independents to wage war only on the practice of rebates —to refuse them themselves and to hold the railroads strictly to their duty in the matter.

Several conferences were held, and finally, in the early summer, Mr. Potts read the two gentlemen a paper he had drawn up as a contract between the producers and the Empire. It speaks well for the fair-mindedness of Mr. Potts that when he read this document to Mr. Campbell and Mr. Patterson, both of whom were skilled in the ways of the transporter, they "accepted it in a moment."

The Pennsylvania Passes a Dividend

"It was made the duty of Mr. Patterson and myself to get signatures of producers to this agreement," says Mr. Campbell, "in a sufficient amount to warrant the Pennsylvania road entering into a permanent agreement. The contract, I think, was for three years." The attempt to enlist a solid body of oil men in the scheme was at once set on foot, but hardly was it under way before troubles of most serious import came upon the Pennsylvania road. A great and general strike on all its branches tied up its traffic for weeks. In Pittsburg hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property were destroyed by a mob of railroad employees. It is not too much to say that in these troubles the Pennsylvania lost millions of dollars; it is certain that as a result of them the company that fall and the coming spring had to pass its dividends for the first time since it commenced paying them, and that its stock fell to twenty-seven dollars a share (par being fifty dollars). Overwhelmed by the disasters, Mr. Scott and Mr. Cassatt felt that they could not afford any longer to sustain the Empire in its fight for the right to refine as well as transport oil.

The Standard Pays Fifty Per Cent.

While the coffers of the Pennsylvania were empty, those of the Standard were literally bursting with profits; for the Standard, the winter before this fight came on, had carried to completion for the first time the work which it had been organized to accomplish, that is, it had put up the price of refined oil, in defiance of all laws of supply and demand, and held it up for nearly six months. The story of this dramatic commercial hold-up

cannot be told in this chapter; it is enough for present purposes to say that in the winter of 1876-77 millions of gallons of oil were sold by Mr. Rockefeller and his partners at a profit of from fifteen to twenty-five cents a gallon. The curious can compute the profits; it certainly ran into the multi-millions. A dividend of fifty per cent. was paid for the year following the scoop, and "there was plenty of money made to throw that dividend out twice over and make a profit," Samuel Andrews, one of the Standard's stockholders, told an Ohio investigating committee in 1879. The Standard then had a war budget big enough for any opposition, and it is not to be wondered at that the Pennsylvania, knowing this and finding its own treasury depleted, was ready to quit.

The Pennsylvania Surrenders

It was August when Mr. Scott and Mr. Cassatt decided to give up the fight. Peace negotiations were at once instituted, Mr. Cassatt going to Cleveland to see Messrs. Rockefeller, Flagler, and Warden, who was visiting them there. Later, the same gentlemen met Mr. Scott and Mr. Cassatt at the St. George Hotel, in Philadelphia. "The subject of discussion at these meetings," said Mr. Cassatt in 1879, when under examination, "was whether we could not make some contract or agreement with the Standard Oil Company by which this contest would cease. They insisted that the first condition of their coming back on our line to ship over our road must be that the Empire Transportation Company, which company represented us in the oil business, must cease the refining of oil in competition with them. The Empire Transportation Company objected to going out of the refining business. The result of this objection Colonel Potts stated in 1888. "Our contract with the Pennsylvania Road gave to them the option, at any time they saw proper, upon reasonable notice, of buying our entire plant; they exercised that option." "Was that at your request or desire?" the chairman asked the colonel. "No, sir. It was at the request of the Pennsylvania Road through their officials."

The question then came up as to who should buy the plant of the Empire Transportation Company. "The Standard wanted us to do so," says Mr. Cassatt. "They wanted us to buy the pipe lines and cars; we objected to buying the pipe lines, and it resulted in their buying them and the refining plant.

"The negotiations were carried on in Philadelphia, Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Flagler mainly representing the Standard. A substantial agreement was reached about the 1st of October. The agreement would have been probably perfected about that time except that the counsel for the Empire line thought it was necessary that they should advertise the fact that they were going to sell their property, and have a meeting of their stockholders and get their assent to the sale before the papers were finally signed."

This meeting of which Mr. Cassatt speaks was held on October 17th.

Funeral Oration of the Empire

Colonel Potts made a statement to the stockholders which he began by a brief review of the growth of the company from the point when twelve years before it had started as a new route charged with the duty of meeting formidable competitors. He pointed out that at the close of the twelfth year the company was the owner of a large fleet of lake vessels, of elevators and docks at the city of Erie, of improved piers in New York, of nearly five thousand cars, of over five hundred miles of pipe lines, of valuable interests in refineries, of all the appliances of a great business. In these twelve years, Colonel Potts told his stockholders, the organization had collected more than one hundred million dollars, and in the last year their cars had moved over thirty thousand miles of railway. He explained to the stockholders the condition of the oil business, which had made it necessary, in his judgment, for the Empire Transportation Company to go into the refining business. It was done with the greatest reluctance, Colonel Potts declared, but it was done because he and his colleagues believed that there was no other way for them to save to the Pennsylvania Road permanently the proportion of the oil traffic which they had acquired in the twelve years in which they had been in business. He reviewed, dispassionately, the circumstances which had led the

Pennsylvania Road to ask the company to give up its refineries. He stated his reasons for deciding that it was wiser for the Empire to resign its contracts with the Pennsylvania and go into liquidation than to submit to the demands of the Standard interests.

Colonel Potts followed his statement by an abstract of the agreements which had been made between the Standard people and the Empire. By these agreements the Standard Oil Company bought of the Empire Transportation Company their pipe line interest for the sum of $1,094,805.56, their refining interests in New York and Philadelphia for the sum of $501,652.78, $900,000 worth of Oil Tank Car Trust, and they also settled with outside refiners and paid for personal property to the extent of $900,000 more, making a total cash payment of $3,400,000. Two millions and a half of this money, Colonel Potts told the stockholders, would be paid that evening by certified checks if the agreements were ratified.

"Not knowing what your action might be at this meeting," he concluded, "we are still in active business. We could not venture to do anything that would check our trade, that would repel customers, that would drive any of them away from us. We must be prepared if you said no to go right along with our full machinery under our contract, or under such modification of that as we could fight through. We could not stop moving a barrel of oil. We must be ready to take any offered to us; we must supply parties taking oil. There was nothing we could do but what was done; nothing was stopped, nothing is stopped, everything is going on just as vigorously at this moment through as wide an extent of country as ever it did, and it will continue to do so until after you take action, until after we get these securities or the money. That, we suppose, will be about six o'clock to-day, if you act favorably, and at that time we shall, if everything goes through, telegraph to every man in our service, and to the heads of departments what has been done, and at twelve o'clock to-night we shall cease to operate anything in the Empire Transportation Company."

The stockholders accepted the proposition, and that night at Colonel Potts's office on Girard Street, Philadelphia, Mr. Scott and Mr. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Colonel Potts and two of his colleagues in the Empire, and two of the refiners with whom he was affiliated, met Mr. Wm. Rockefeller, Mr. Flagler, Mr. Warden, Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Charles Pratt, Mr. J. A. Bostwick, Mr. Daniel O'Day, and Mr. J. J. Vandergrift, and their counsel, and the papers and checks were signed and passed which wiped out of existence a great business to which a body of the best transportation men the State of Pennsylvania has produced had given twelve years of their lives.

Absorption of the Pipe Lines Complete

The pipe lines thus acquired were at once consolidated with the other Standard lines. Only a few independent lines, and only one of these of importance—the Columbia Conduit—now remained in the Oil Regions. The downfall of the Empire was quickly followed by their collapse, and early in 1878 they were all consolidated with the United Pipe Lines and the American Transfer Company. Mr. Rockefeller was now master of the entire pipe line business.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, in return for its subjection to the Standard's demands in regard to the Empire, was insured forty-seven per cent. of all the oil shipped eastward. From the Standard alone it was to receive not less than two million barrels a year. The Pennsylvania was to allow the Standard such rates as might be fixed from time to time by the four trunk lines,* care being taken to provide that these rates should be dropped to meet lower rates which might be offered by the opening of competing lines. On these fixed rates Mr. Rockefeller was to have a rebate of ten per cent. The agreement with the Pennsylvania stipulated also that no other shipper should be allowed any rebate unless he guaranteed the Pennsylvania the same profit it realized from the Standard trade.

Meek Obedience of the Pennsylvania

The Pennsylvania fulfilled its new agreements meekly and faithfully. In February, 1878, the American Transfer Company, a part of the Standard Oil

*The Baltimore and Ohio came into the railroad pool in 1877, after resisting the Standard's overtures for some five years.

Company, it will be remembered, asked for a rebate of at least twenty cents on each barrel of crude oil received and shipped over the road. The Central and Erie were granting it, Mr. O'Day told Mr. Cassatt. The rebate was promptly granted. In the summer an advance of the ten per cent. rebate was asked, on the ground that the independents were opening a new route which might injure Mr. Rockefeller's supremacy. The rebates were increased until oil on which the open rate to seaboard was $1.90 was shipped for the Standard at eighty cents. In November, 1879, the Acme Oil Company shipped oil from Titusville to New York for 66½ cents, that company alone receiving a rebate of sixty-three cents.

The Pennsylvania lived up as faithfully to its agreement in regard to rival shippers as it did to those concerning rebates. The independents, who in the summer of 1877 were preparing to ally themselves permanently with the road, were dropped immediately when peace negotiations were begun, and a letter of remonstrance they sent Mr. Scott at the time was never answered. The experiences of several of these independents have been recorded in court testimony. One or two will suffice here. For instance, among the Eastern refiners was the firm of Denslow & Bush; their works were located in South Brooklyn. They had begun in a very small way in 1870, and by 1879 were doing a business of nearly a thousand barrels of crude a day. They had transported nearly all their oil by the Empire line. After that line went out of business in October, 1877, the contract with Denslow & Bush was transferred to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. This contract terminated on the first day of May, 1878. Some time in March they received formal notice of its expiration, and solicited an interview with the officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad in order to make some arrangements for the further transportation of their oil. Mr. Cassatt named New York. The meeting was held at Mr. Denslow's office, 123 Pearl Street. Besides Mr. Bush, there were present to meet Mr. Cassatt, Messrs. Lombard, Gregory, King, H. C. Ohlen, and C. C. Burke, all independents. When Mr. Bush was under examination in the suit against the Pennsylvania he gave an account of what happened at this interview:

Mr. Cassatt's Frank Language to Independents

We asked Mr. Cassatt what rate of freight we should have after the expiration of these contracts, whether we should have as low a rate of freight as the Standard Oil Company or any other shipper? He said, "No." We asked why. "Well, in the first place, you can't ship as much oil as the Standard Oil Company." "Well, if we could ship as much oil"—I think Mr. Lombard put this question—"would we then have the same rate?" He said, "No." "Why?" "Why you could not keep the road satisfied; it would make trouble." And he remarked in connection with that, that the Standard Oil Company was the only party that could keep the roads harmonized or satisfied. He intimated, I believe, that each road had a certain percentage of the oil business, and they could divide that up and give each roads its proportion, and in that way keep harmony, which we could not do. Right after that he made the remark that he thought that we ought to fix it up with the Standard; we ought to do something so as to all go on and make some money, and I think we gave him very distinctly to understand that we didn't propose to enter into any "fix up" where we would lose our identity, or sell out, or be under anybody else's thumb. I believe that he went so far as to say that he would see the Standard, and do everything he could to bring that thing about. We told him very clearly that we didn't want any interference in that direction, and if there was anything to be done, we thought we were quite capable of doing it. The interview perhaps lasted an hour. There was a great deal of talk of one kind and another, but this is, I think, the substance. This interview was in March, 1878, I think.

Another interview at which I was present was either in June or July. Mr. Scott was present.

Mr. Scott Corroborates Mr. Cassatt

This interview was brought about because we had been deprived, as we believed, of getting a sufficient number of cars we were entitled to. We had telegraphed or written to Mr. Cassatt—at least Mr. Ohlen, our agent, had, on several occasions, and tried to get an interview, and finally this one was appointed, at which Mr. Scott would be present. When we arrived there we found Mr. Brundred, from Oil City; and Mr. Scott went on to state that he thought that we were receiving our fair proportion of cars. They tried to make us believe and feel, I suppose, that we were getting our due proportion, when for some considerable time previous to this we had not been able to do any business in advance; we could only do business from hand to mouth. We could not sell any refined oil unless we absolutely had the crude oil in our possession in New York, and Mr. Lombard, one of our number, had sold a cargo of crude oil, I think, of 9,000 barrels, and Denslow & Bush absolutely stopped their refinery for three weeks consequently, in order to let their oil go to Lombard & Ayers to finish their vessel, because they would only get three or four cars a day; and we stopped our place for three weeks to give them our crude oil, all we could give—our proportion—in order to

lift them out and get their vessel cleared. After trying to impress upon us that we were getting our proportion of cars, we asked Mr. Scott substantially the same question we asked Mr. Cassatt in New York, whether we could have, if there was any means by which we could have, the same rate of freight as other shippers got, and he said flatly, "No"; and we asked him then if we shipped the same amount of oil as the Standard, and he said, "No," and gave the same reasons Mr. Cassatt had in New York, that the Standard Oil Company were the only parties that could keep peace among the roads. We stated to Mr. Scott that we would like to know to what extent we would be discriminated against, because we wanted to know what disadvantage we would have to work under. And we went away very much dissatisfied. All the information we got on that point was from Mr. Cassatt in New York, when he stated that the discrimination would be larger on a high rate of freight than on a low rate of freight, which led us to infer that it was a percentage discrimination. That is all the point that I recollect we ever got as to the amount of the commission. We told Mr. Scott that if they hadn't sufficient cars on their road we would like to put some on, and he told us flatly that they had just bought out one line and they would not allow another one to be put on; that if they hadn't cars enough they would build them. He seemed to show considerable feeling that afternoon, and he said: "Well, you have cost us in fighting for you now a million dollars" (or a million and a half, something like that—a very large sum), "and we don't propose to go into another fight." *

An Independent Who Tried Again

Not only were there men in the refining business who were willing to fight under these conditions, there were men among the very ones who had succumbed at the opening of the Standard's onslaught who were ready to try the business again. Among these was Mr. William Harkness, whose experience up to 1876 was related in the preceding chapter of this history. Mr. Harkness's next experience in the oil business was related to the same committee as that already quoted:

"When I was compelled to succumb," he said, "I thought it was only temporarily; that the time would come when I could go into the business I was devoted to. We systematized all our accounts and knew where the weak points were. I was in love with the business. I selected a site near three railroads and the river. I took a run across the water—I was tired and discouraged and used up in 1876, and was gone three or four months. I came back refreshed and ready for work, and had the plans and specifications and estimates made for a refinery that would handle 10,000 barrels of oil a day, right on this hundred acres of land. I believed the time had arrived when the Pennsylvania Railroad would see their true interest as common carriers, and the interest of their stockholders and the business interest of the city of Philadelphia, and I took those plans, specifications and estimates and I called on Mr. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. I had consulted one or two other gentlemen, whose advice was worth having, whether it would be worth my while to go to see President Roberts. I went there and laid the plans before him, and told him I wanted to build a refinery of 10,000 barrels capacity a day. I was almost on my knees begging him to allow me to do that. He said, 'What is it you want?' I said, 'I simply ask to be put upon an equality with everybody else, and especially the Standard Oil Company.' I said, 'I want you to agree with me that you will give me transportation of crude oil as low as you give it to the Standard Oil Company or anybody else for ten years, and then I will give you a written assurance that I will do this refining of 10,000 barrels of oil a day for ten years.' I asked him if that was not an honest position for us to be in; I, as a manufacturer, and he, the president of a railroad. Mr. Roberts said there was a great deal of force in what I said, but he could not go into any written assurance. He said he would not go into any such agreement, and I saw Mr. Cassatt. He said in his frank way, 'That is not practicable, and you know the reason why.'"

"The Good of the Oil Business"

Controlling fully ninety per cent. of the refining interests of the country, controlling the entire pipe line, or oil-gathering system, recognized by the four great trunk lines as the autocrat of the business, and able to bring them to his wishes by merely expressing them, able to raise the oil market to an unnatural figure and hold it there for six months, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, by the end of 1878, certainly had reason to be proud of his four-years' work. The "good of the oil business" was in his judgment worked out. There were people, however, who claimed that it was the good of Mr. Rockefeller, not that of the oil business, that had been achieved, and these people—"people with a private grievance," "mossbanks naturally left in the lurch by the progress of this rapidly developing trade," † the Standard officials described them—at the news of the collapse of the Empire Transportation Company began an onslaught on his creation through the press, through commercial combinations, through the courts and legislatures, which in its vigor and bitterness rivalled the Oil War of 1872. It was now to be seen whether Mr. Rockefeller was as great in defensive as he was in offensive operations.

* Commonwealth of Pennsylvania *vs.* Pennsylvania R.R., United Pipe Lines, Etc.

† Hepburn Commission of 1879.

(To be continued)

I AM MARRIED

BY CLARA MORRIS

Illustrated by W. Glackens

THAT night of the suspended marriage proposal was, on my part, devoted to a final séance with *Lady Macbeth*. When good-nights were over; when little dog Bertie, that she might not tease for my attention, had received an ancient pair of gloves to guard; when the house was quiet—quiet; then, indeed, with all my soul, I strove to make the great woman-criminal reveal herself, if only in some slight degree. I decided, too, upon a definite plan of action, for, ready as I ever was to profit by the inspiration of the moment, I should have felt myself reckless and presuming had I not carefully prepared business for each scene. If inspiration came, so much the better; but should it fail me there would be the carefully thought-out business that meant security, and security meant dignity, and where would dignity be required if not in the delivery of Shakespeare's stately measure?

Yet, because I had represented fairly well the heroines of modern drama, there were people who believed I was bound to measure *Lady Macbeth* by a strictly modern standard—bound to reduce to a colloquial tone and manner the majestic formality of her awe-inspiring language. These unpleasant anticipations, added to Mrs. Farren's fears and my own sick terror of the part, were in a fair way to make my *Lady Macbeth* a sort of human blanc-mange, colorless and quaking, when at the most critical moment a ray of encouragement came to me from an unexpected quarter. Miss Charlotte Cushman had once done me the great honor of coming in when her own work was over to see the last act of a play I was in. I had little to do, but she was generous in applause, and turning to her escort she remarked in her deep voice: "She is young and of the new school, I know, but I believe she is one of *us* after all. Do you see how she listens when the others are speaking, how she keeps in the character *all the time*? That's a woman who began at the bottom of the ladder, and I'm not afraid to wager she has been in the very ballet somewhere, sometime!" and she seemed much gratified when told she had guessed correctly, and on two or three occasions thereafter she alluded to me as "the last of the old school."

When the discussions anent the character of *Lady Macbeth* broke out, Miss Cushman was in Philadelphia, and the matter was brought to her attention by a young man generally known for his peculiarly clumsy flatteries. It occurred to him that it would be a nice compliment and grateful to the feelings of the great actress to hear the ideas of a lesser one ridiculed and grossly caricatured, and he closed an exaggerated description of the *feminine Lady Macbeth* —I stood for—with the laughter-choked cry: "And red hair! sandy red hair! may it please you! She expects an audience to submit patiently to a *Lady Macbeth* with sandy hair! But where the grandeur and terrifying force you have accustomed us to is to come from, upon my soul I don't know, for the Morris is no more than five feet two in height—ha! ha!"

And with calm, perhaps unconscious cruelty, Miss Cushman remarked: "Ah! about your own height, I imagine? But, young sir, you should know the power and force of the actress is not to be measured by the weight avoirdupois of the woman. The few minutes I once passed in the company of a frail little victim of homicidal mania is the most terrifying memory of my life." "Oh, yes —quite so! insanity *is* alarming!" stammered the little man; "but I was thinking of this young woman's presumption. To my mind, now, the traditions should be held sacred, and the idea of a mere little

emotional actress attempting a great classic——"

Then the stately head went up, a real Cushman flash came into the calm eyes, and with generous warmth she cried: "In God's name, what would become of the stage without the presumption of the young? We, who have succeeded, cannot live forever! Others must make ready to fill our places!" Then, turning to the lady who accompanied her that morning, she said with a smile, "My own luggage consisted in great part of youth and presumption when I began my career, and I like this girl's pluck in standing out for her own idea—besides, she's right. I have for years recognized the absolute womanliness of *Lady Macbeth*. Her reasoning is good. I have friends who rely to-day upon spiritualism for aid in well-doing, just as she thinks *Lady Macbeth* relied upon the witches for aid in wrong-doing. You cannot well escape from the perfect femininity of the character if you study her carefully. You both look amazed—but what can I do at this time of my life? I played the part in the traditional manner—the big, heavy style—and it was lucky for me that the public liked it, or I should have been short of a good drawing play; for though intellectually I am for the feminine *Lady Macbeth*, physically (she laughed) I am not well-fitted for the coaxing, purring, velvet-footed, supple hypocrite." Then, turning back to the unfortunate youth, who had tempted his fate, she finished him and the subject both, by saying: "As to the red hair, sir, I know Scotland and its people well, and I believe there are more flaxen, red, and sandy Scots than there are black ones—so she is justified in wearing red hair if it helps her to indicate the character."

"'Ah! about your own height, I imagine'"

Oh, the thrill of joy that went through my heart when I heard that this big-brained, thoughtful, experienced actress—the greatest *Lady Macbeth* of her time—declared for the femininity of that character. Her words of generous encouragement were like a strong staff to lean upon, until the public could decide whether or no it would support my uncertain footsteps.

Whenever the memory of that famous woman, Charlotte Cushman, is summoned suddenly to my mind, she appears not as *Meg Merrilies*—not as *Queen Catharine*, but as the stately gentlewoman whose crown of beauty came to her with age in the pure white hair that seemed to soften not only her expression, but the very outlines of the too square jaw and the majestic brow. So, often, I used to see her driving in the Park, frequently quite alone. Her gray silks, her swathing black laces, her regal bearing, her gentle courtesy, made the heart leap up in pride of her—for no royal woman in Europe looked so like the ideal *Queen Dowager*, as did that aged actress. And yet she never failed at the same time to suggest to me the idea of a supposedly extinct volcano. There was the lonely grandeur, the stern snow-crowned height and great surface calm—but now and again certain sounds, certain tremors, hinted strongly at the hidden fires still surging in that volcano of dramatic power and genius.

When, heartened greatly by the reported words of Miss Cushman, I had decided upon a general plan of action, two matters of mere detail came up for most anxious consideration. Every actress is sensitively alive to the pleasure of a warm reception—that being the technical term for the applause with which the audience greets the first appearance of an artist before any word has been spoken. Gen-

"Driving in the Park, frequently quite alone"

erally speaking, it signifies a courteous greeting corresponding to a lifted hat and pleasant salutation. But on occasions when the actress is a special favorite, the reception, enthusiastic and long continued, becomes a demonstration, which is inartistic and destructive of the illusion of the play, since it drags the actress out of her part, and in her bowing, curtseying, and smiling, she becomes Miss Jones or Miss Morris returning thanks to the public. A woman would not be human who did not enjoy to the last drop of her blood just such a greeting, even though her artistic sense condemned it. Surely I ought to know; and, by the way, I hope at this distance of passed years I may speak frankly of triumphs won, of favors received, with no more charge of vanity than is made against the silver-haired mother who recounts for her daughter's entertainment the conquests her beauty made in the past days of her acknowledged bellehood. Of course her beauty is gone, but legends of its past existence justify her gentle boasting. So, too, there are those still with us who have not only seen some nights of wild enthusiasm at the theater, but have done their own extravagant best to add to that fervor. Well, to return to the subject. Those joyous, long-sustained receptions that had become so sweet the artist in me suddenly realized would be simply ruinous in the case of *Lady Macbeth*. Think of it. The play is already running at high tide, and at her very first step she is up to her lips in tragedy.

"They met me in the day of success, and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than *mortal knowledge*."

She reads with eager intensity of interest as she enters, and there are but thirty-six brief words between that entrance and one of the greatest moments in the entire part:

"They made themselves — *air*, into which they vanished."

How impossible then would be the recognition of a reception. B-r-r! one's teeth were on edge at the thought. And yet, the public! it is sensitive, it is quick to take offense sometimes, and the actress who does not quail at the thought of vexing her "public" may exist, but certainly I have not met her yet.

So, on that night I was bracing my courage up to the point of calmly ignoring the reception that I knew would be not only a greeting but an assurance of a fair field and no favor, and hearty good wishes for my success; and what would they think if their courtesy was not acknowledged, even by a glance? I asked myself one moment, while in the next I was recalling a dozen proofs of the extraordinary quickness of perception shown

by the American public, and, and—well, I resolved I must take the risk—anything rather than see *Lady Macbeth* smiling and bowing and perhaps kissing hands and then trying frantically to get back into the rapt eagerness of the letter-reader. One other thing, a trifle, yet part of the whole: I decided to keep by me a great circular cloak of gray material to wrap about me in going before the curtain.

No actor or actress can be denied the honor of curtain calls, yet they do break the illusion of the play, and I meant to hide *Lady Macbeth* by at least the size and thickness of a cloak, and let Miss Morris go before the curtain, leaving the great Thane's wife in the play if possible.

I had done all I could, then I took the gloves from under Bertie's chin, and as she sprang to the foot of the bed, looking over for that never forgotten bear, I raised my hand to lower the gas and heard the clock strike three, and suddenly I wondered whether Mr. Harriott had rounded up his family yet.

"Bertie," I said, "suppose we were asked what family of Morris we belong to? Do you know, we'd have to say, 'If you please, we are not Morrises at all. Our characters are good—but we have no family—no family at all.'"

Bertie looked as if she thought I had said "rats," and I laughed. I could afford to, because I had related to my suitor with both emphasis and detail every disagreeable fact connected with my birth and my early life. I had also warned him of certain unpleasant penalties a man might have to pay for marrying an actress. For myself, I was sure that, if a man, I could never endure the impertinence of being referred to as Miss So-and-so's husband, and I inquired, too, as to the degree of violence he might be expected to show if brutally addressed as "Mr. Morris," by some hurried doctor, reporter, or conductor. I think *that* suggestion gave him pause, for his smile had certainly been a trifle forced, but I had done my duty; I had concealed nothing of the French Canadian father's perfidy; my legal, social, and dramatic status had been made quite plain, and—well, I laughed.

Next morning at ten-thirty, Mr. Harriott appeared bearing messages, invitations, and photographs of a family whose dimensions made me gasp, and whose general willingness to accept me on trust—as little boys say, "sight unseen"—brought a lump into my throat, and at eleven o'clock, all ringed and engaged, I was rehearsing with consciously augmented dignity the brave old tragedy, while on Monday evening yet another incident occurred that helped so to interline the scenes and speeches of the play with courtship, proposal, acceptance, and family recognition of the player, that it is almost impossible to unbraid the memories.

There are few plays that can more quickly turn a medium-sized theater into a veritable pandemonium than "Macbeth." The noise and confusion caused by extra people, the darkness, the extended brace for the tripping up of the unwary, the open traps for the swallowing up of the careless or the ignorant, the startling and disturbing appearance of the witches, the seeming frenzy of the stage-manager, the heltering-skeltering of gasmen, carpenters, and scene-shifters, the testing of the thunder and the lightning, the hasty and stumbling arrival of the musicians who are to give the "flourishes" behind the scenes and who swear volubly in foreign languages, thus escaping the forfeitures for all English swearing, the blue-burning cauldron, the snake-entwined *Hecate*, the fiercely barbaric looking *King*, *Thane*, or warrior—if all this is confusing to an actor, what must it seem to an outsider who sees behind the curtain for the first time?

On that Monday night I had gone very early to my dressing-room, that I might not get flurried over some trivial thing and lose my hold upon my part, and with head like fire and hands like ice I was looking in the glass and wondering miserably if any other *Lady Macbeth* ever had such modern-looking features—features that to my excited imagination flatly contradicted my perfectly correct woollen gown, my head drapery, and my rolled scroll letter. "Oh dear!" I moaned, contemplating my full-length reflection, "everything looks nice and Macbethy except my face! Oh, for a Greek coin-like profile!" and a knock came upon the door. "Is that for the overture?" I called. "All right, my lad, go ahead!"

But another knock sounded and the

callboy's voice replied: "It ain't me, mum, it's some gentlemen that wants you."

And just as the property-man tested his lightning flash, I flung open the door to find standing there, very close together, two old gentlemen, whose bewildered, discomforted faces suggested at once a pair of ancient babes in the woods. For a moment we stood helplessly staring, then a powerful resemblance told me who the sturdier, perfectly white-haired man must be, and I put forth my hands and drew the babes out of the hurly-burly into my room, that was by comparison an oasis of peace and sanity. And lo! with the closing of the door the bewildered ones became instantly a pair of shrewd, clear-sighted old business men, who were forming swift conclusions as to the manner of woman, son and nephew Fred was rushing so suddenly into the family. Mr. Warren Harriott (father), having been introduced, he in turn presented Mr. Frederick C. Havemeyer (uncle). They were beautiful old men, one sturdy, ruddy-white, and always in white neck-wear, the other lean, silver-haired, high-featured, slightly formal, gentle-voiced—the sort of man whom you expect to wear the winged Gladstone collar and black satin stock. They informed me that they had made some mistake, for Fred was to have met them at the door to bring them in, but since they had found me it was all right, and they would detain me only long enough to make an explanation and ask a question. The family were out of town, and among the most anxious to greet me was grandmother Havemeyer, but she was ninety years old, and not quite strong enough to come to the city just now. Fred's mother and sisters did not wish to delay their visit, neither did they wish to disappoint the beloved grandmother; so could I—would I, in consideration of such great age?—but I interrupted him to say swiftly: "Yes, I could and I would on any day save Saturday, that might be agreeable to them." And one pressed a hand and the other patted a shoulder, and both said: "You have a kind heart, my dear," and Mr. Havemeyer added: "When you have seen my mother, you will not regret waiving ceremony and your right to a first visit from our people for her sake."

"Two old gentlemen, whose bewildered, discomforted faces suggested at once a pair of ancient babes in the woods"

And I, being a past-master in the gentle art of mother-worship, felt a strong desire to embrace then and there this newly-met mother-worshipper. I could not help noting how Mr. Harriott's eyes kept turning to my hair, as I thought, with a slight frown, and suddenly I remarked: "This is not *my* hair, sir, it is a wig. I am just a common every-day brown in reality," and his hearty and relieved "Well, I'm thankful to hear that, my child," set us all laughing, and laughter being the key that unlocks the shackles of formality and restraint we

were chatting away quite happily when, with a crash, the overture burst forth. Instantly the bewildered, anxious look came back to their faces, and they drew close together again.

"We ought to go," remarked Mr. Harriott, nervously.

"Yes," I frankly acquiesced, "but before we say good-by, I will see you safely past those treacherous open traps —the stage is so dark for this act, you might meet with an accident." I opened the door to find Mr. Fred Harriott there, just raising his hand to knock. The joyful recognition that flashed into those two old faces, the certainty that now they would be safely piloted out of that pandemonium, was both amusing and touching. They turned back to me a moment —Mr. Havemeyer, with gentle-voiced formality, offered his congratulations and good wishes, and Mr. Harriott bluntly remarked: "You're a good girl, and I'm very glad to have you for a daughter," and bent his white head and kissed me right heartily—and that was how I came into possession of one of the dearest fathers in the world.

And while I was biting my lips hard and batting my eyelids rapidly to keep back the tears that might spoil my careful "make-up," some one standing by the stage-door said excitedly, as three gentlemen passed out: "Why—why, that was Mr. Havemeyer! what's he doing behind the scenes of a theater?" The door-man answered he was there to see Miss Morris.

"Oh, indeed! and Fred Harriott is Havemeyer's nephew, isn't he? Ah! everything's fair and friendly, too!" and next day "approaching marriage" notices broke out in various papers, and after that Mr. Harriott's family grew in importance and their genealogical tree reached upward higher and ever higher, until kings and emperors might have humbly sat beneath its towering boughs, and but for the nightly plaudits of the public, I might by comparison have felt myself a very worm. But, oh, joy! joy! *Lady Macbeth* had been accepted—even the "reception" stumbling-block some stranger's hand had removed from my path.

I had come upon the stage swiftly, scroll open, lips moving, eyes racing eagerly from line to line. The applause broke out—I stood and read. It increased in volume—my heart-beats choked me, but I read on. Would it go on forever? My knees trembled—my courage was failing me. The applause began to thin—the heart went out of it. I felt then disapproval distinctly — obstinacy only was keeping the reception up. I was just going to raise my eyes, when some one understood, and said, clearly and loudly: "Sh'sh! sh'sh!" then swiftly added, "brava!" and again, "sh'sh!" and like lightning, the house caught the idea. There was a quick, sharp round of applause—then perfect silence fell, as in a voice choked by rapid breathing I read: "They met me in the day of success."

Another happy accident came to me later on. I could ill support the dragging weight of the royal robes, while the crown was so cruelly heavy that the pain from it became at last almost unbearable. When in the banquet scene the tense watchfulness, the swift changes rung upon the emotions, the royal dignity, the queenly hospitality, the fine self-restraint and calm assurance had all been in vain; when the woman's whole splendid line of defense had broken down under *Macbeth's* second outburst of mad, all-revealing terror, the player was physically as shattered, shaken, spent as was ever *Lady Macbeth* spiritually. It was in the momentary pause that followed the exit of all the guests that I realized that, in addition to the weight, the unpadded edge of the metal crown was actually cutting my brow. *Lady Macbeth's* last line had been spoken. *Macbeth* turned and walked with sombre mien to the R. I. E., repeating his exit speech. As he reached the line:

"My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that needs hard use,"

the *Queen*, unable longer to endure her suffering, raised both her hands and lifted the crown up from her head, and in the same instant the *King*, turning, noted the action with such a surprised frown that, quick as a flash, the *Queen* dropped it to its place again and bravely smiled into his face—while both were startled by the swift-following applause of sympathetic comprehension. He added his suggestive:

"We are yet but young in deed,"

"The crowd of curious idlers who haunt church doors when a wedding threatens"

and so made exit, and *Lady Macbeth* kept her forced smile till he was quite gone—then it faded. Slowly she removed the crown and stood looking at it, calculating all its cost, until tears trickled down her wan cheeks, when hearing a sound outside she hastily resumed it and with listless hanging arms and drooping shoulders, feebly dragged her royal trappings, her misery, and herself out of sight as the curtain fell.

That had not been the "business" I had prepared, but it was better as warm impromptu action is apt to be superior to coldly thought-out effects. And I find that I, who almost never keep a clipping, have kept one criticism of that night's work, because of the appearance in it of the quite unusual word "apocalypse": "At the fading of that bravely forced smile, the woman's face became a very apocalypse of woe," it reads. Where is *Polonius*, with his "mob-led *Queen?*" Would he say, "apocalypse is good!" or would he not?

But while I agonized in silent dread of the *great* test, the "sleep-walking scene," Mrs. Farren came to me in hideous witch's garb and put her kind arms about me and said. "My dear, God has blessed you with great originality. Stop torturing yourself like this, trust to yourself as the people out there trust to you—have confidence. For forty years I have believed utterly in the masculinity of *Lady Macbeth*, yet in three hours you have converted me to a belief in her femininity. Is that nothing, then? for, my dear, Mary Ann Farren has been a power in her day?"

"Is still," I answered, honestly, and was grateful for her thought of me and truly tried to follow her advice and could not foresee the time when she would laughingly count my seventh call before the curtain for that same dreaded scene, and dry the angry tears shed, because in the excitement a man had clambered on to the stage and triumphantly cut a piece from my beautiful white crêpe draperies to keep as a souvenir—a style of compliment that never recommended itself to my favor.

About three weeks later, quite after the manner of actresses generally, my marriage was hastily sandwiched in between two professional engagements. To avoid the annoyance of facing the crowd of curious idlers who haunt church doors when a wedding threatens, I deceived even my maid and my landlady as to the hour appointed for the ceremony, for it had become evident that some one near me was giving information out with lavish generosity—so, when the day came

around, all brave in *matelassé* and silver fox, with orange flower bouquet and groom's gift accompaniment, supported by my whole family in the person of my mother, I arrived at noon at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, before that Presbyterian church whose tenets I rejected, but whose eloquent pastor I greatly honored, and entering its parlor received a joyous surprise, for enthroned in an armchair, the center of an adoring group, grandmother Havemeyer, with smiling lips and eager eyes, sat waiting, and in a moment I was worshipping with the rest, while receiving her soft kisses and gentle blessing. And indeed she was the sweetest of ancient ladies. Her pretty white hair, her merry eye, the faint color on cheek and lip, all made her, to me, like a pale belated rose, and every one of her ninety years seemed to be represented by some separate grace or charm or virtue, some fair thought or fairer deed. Her grandson Fred was her special and particular chum, and she had stoutly maintained he should not marry without her presence—and there she was.

So, a bit later, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, book in hand, began the marriage service, and I started out to attend devoutly every tremendously important word of it, when the strangely wrinkled condition of one side of Dr. Crosby's robe aroused an intense curiosity as to why one side and not the other should be so deeply creased, while faintly through all that, worked the hope that the ring might not fall and roll under the seats—it would be so embarrassing for whoever had to seek for it—and, "eh? yes!" and again, "yes!" and lo! I was Mrs. Frederick C. Harriott! and I had married not only my husband but his whole family. I, who had never had sisters nor brother, had them now galore! the dearest, the best, with father and adorable second mother for good measure! But now that the superstitious may not be deprived of their dues, let me say that Mr. Harriott having begun his wrong-doings in the way of luck by proposing on Friday, continued in his evil course by adding to his wedding gift of diamonds a fine opal, and finally reached his apogee of bad luck by clasping said opal about my throat for the actual service. I may add we were married on Monday—second worst day of the week; in the last of November—worst month of the year. As we left the church the crowd was already beginning to gather for the wedding that had been announced for a late hour. I was laughing happily over our escape, when I saw a look of annoyance coming into my lord's face, and our speed slackened strangely, and—oh, well! our driver had got himself all tangled up in a great funeral. Oh, no! I'm not through yet, for at the very moment we had stood before the minister another uncle, Mr. Havemeyer, the Mayor of New York, whose note of excuses and explanation grandmother was holding in her hand, had fallen dead from his chair, and by some odd coincidence had been caught in the arms of a man bearing the name of Morris.

There are omens enough to swamp half a dozen marriages—yet, dear me, that was in 1874—and this is, good gracious! this *is* 1902! and though the dear family I married is pitifully shrunken and small now, the husband—superstition to the contrary notwithstanding—big, ruddy and as English looking as if he had just left the 'shires, is sitting not far off, and not a sign of divorce decree to be found in this house! What's the use of respecting omens after that?

"Triumphantly cut a piece from my beautiful white crepe draperies to keep as a souvenir"

OSCAR'S CHANCE, PER CHARLEY

BY HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

Illustrated by Martin Justice

"BHOOOOOOORRR! Bhooooooooooorrrrr!" It was the hollow, melancholy, wild beast-howl of a fog-horn. We were drifting upon a tragic coast, where the great waves slipped up the cliffs noiselessly, to disappear upon the other side. At the time, I was talking to a person who had just been a sort of composite of several of my friends, but was now a gaunt bay mule. "Isn't it co-o-ld?" I said to him, and shivered. He looked me sternly in the eye. "Get up!" said he. The vessel struck a rock and trembled violently. "Get up!" repeated the mule, and there was a menace in his voice now. "Bhooooooooooorrrrr!" moaned the fog-horn. This was very dreadful. But worse followed. The waters gathered themselves and rose into a peak, the mule sliding swiftly to the apex, still holding me with his uncanny eyes. There came a shock, and Oscar said, "For the Lord's sake, kid! They've been braying away on that breakfast horn for the last five minutes. Hustle!"

I found myself upon my hands and knees; in a cabin, all right, but the cabin was on the prairie. I looked around, stupid with sleep. The familiar sights met my eye—Oscar tiptoeing about, bow-legged, arms spread like wings, drawing his breath through his teeth, after the fashion of half-frozen people. Old Charley sat humped up in the corner, sucking his cob pipe. The stove was giving forth a smell of hot iron, and no heat, as usual. On it rested a wash-basin, wherein some snow was melting for the morning ablutions. A candle projected a sort of palpable yellow gloom into the gray mass of icy morning air. I dressed rapidly. As I slept in overcoat and cap, this was no great matter. A pair of German socks and arctics completed my attire. Evidently I had been put upon the floor by the hand of Oscar. For this, when Oscar stretched his nether garment tight, in the act of washing his face, I smote him upon the fullness thereof with a long plug of chewing tobacco. "Aow!" he yelled, recurving like a bow and putting his hands to his wound. Promptly we clinched and fell upon old Charley. To the floor the three went, amid a shower of sparks from the cob pipe. "You dam pesky kids!" said the angry voice of Charles (the timbre of that voice, after traveling through four inches of nose, is beyond imitation). "Get off'n me! Quit now! Stop yer blame foolin'!"

Oscar and I swallowed our giggles and rolled all over Charley. "*Well*, by Jeeroosha!" came from the bottom of the heap in the tone of one who has reached the breaking point of astonished fury. "I'm goin' to do some shootin' when this is over—yes, sir, I won't hold back no more—ef you boys don't git off'n me this minit, so help me Bob! I'll bite yer!"

This was a real danger, and we skipped off him briskly. "Why, Charley," explained Oscar, "you see, we got so excited that we didn't notice——"

"There's Steve now," interrupted Charley, pointing with a long crooked forefinger to the doorway. "Well, Steve! I'm glad you come. I just want you to see the kind of goin's on there is here." Charles cleared his throat and stuck his thumb in his vest. "F'r instance, this mornin', I sittin' right there in that corner, not troublin' nobody, when up gets that splay-footed, sprawlin', lumberin' bull-calf of an Oscar, an' that mischievious, sawed-off little monkey of a Harry, and they goes to pullin' and tusslin', and they jes' walks up and down on me, same's if I was a flight of steps. Now, you know, Steve, I'm a man of sagassity an' experiunce, an' I ain't goin' to stand fur no such dograsslin'. I felt like doin' them boys ser'us damage, but they're young, and life spreads green and

promisin' befo' 'em, like a banana tree; consequently I prefer jus' to tell you my time is handed in."

Charley was proudly erect. His arms stretched aloft. His one yellow tooth rested on his lower lip; his face, the thickness and texture of a much-worn leather pocketbook, showed a tinge of color, as the words went to his head like wine.

Steve looked at the floor. "Too bad, Charley; too bad," he said in grave sympathy. "But probably we can fix it up. Now, as we have company, would you mind hitting the breakfast trail?"

"After I've made a few remarks," returned Charles haughtily.

Steve dropped on a stool. "Sick your pup on," he said. Charley leaped at the opportunity.

"There *are* some things I sh'd like to mention," said he. We noted with pleasure that he wore his sarcastic manner. "F'r instance, you doubtless behold them small piles of snow on the floo', which has come in through certain an' sundry holes in the wall that orter been chinked last fall. Is it *my* place to chink them holes? The oldes' an' most *ex*-periunced man in the hull cat-hop? I reckon otherwise. Then why didn't they git chinked? Why is it that the snows and winds of an outraged and jus'ly indignant Providence is allowed to introdoose theirselves into this company unrebuked? I have heard a great deal, su', about the deadenin' effeck produced upon man's vigger by a steady, reliable, so'thern climate. As a citizen of the State of Texas fo' twenty years I repel the expersion with scorn and hoomiliation. Neverthe-*less* and *no*-withstanding, 'lowin' that to be the truth, did you ever encounter any thing in this here country to produce such an effeck? For Gawd's sake, su', if there's anything in variety, a man livin' here orter lay holt of the grass roots, fur fear he'd git so durn strong he couldn't stay on the face of the yearth. Ef it ain't so sinful cold that yer ears'll drap off at a touch, it's so hell-fire hot that a man's features melt all over his face and ef it ain't so solemn still that you're scart to death, the wind'll blow the buttonholes outer yer clo's'. I have seen it do a hull yearful of stunts in twenty-four hours, encludin' hot an' cold weather, thunderstorms, drought, high-water, and a blizzard. That settles the climate question. Then what is it that has let them holes go unchinked? I'll tell you, su'; it's nothin' more nor less than the tinkerin', triflin', pettifoggin' dispersition of them two boys. That's what makes it that there's mo' out-doors inside this bull-pen than there is on the top of Chunkey Smith's butte; that's what makes it I can't get up in the mornin' without having myself turned inter a three-ringed circus. But I ain't the man to complain. Ef there's anything that gums up the cards of life, it's a kicker; so jes' as one man to another, I tells you what's wrong here and leaves you to figger it out fer yerself."

He glanced around on three grave faces with obvious satisfaction. His wrath had dissipated in the vapor of words. "Nor they ain't such bad boys, *as* boys, nuther," he concluded.

"I will examine this matter carefully, Charles," said Steve.

"I thank you, su'," responded Charley with a courtly sweep of his hand.

"Not at all," insisted Steve with a duplicate wave. "I beg that you won't mention it. And now, if you would travel toward the house——"

"*Cer*tainly!"

And out we went into North Dakota's congealed envelope, with the smoke from the main-house chimney, rising three hundred feet into the air, a snow-white column straight as a mast, Charley stalking majestically ahead, while we three floundered weakly behind him.

"Ain't he the corker?" gasped Oscar. "When he gets to jumping sideways among those four-legged words, he separates me from my good intentions."

"'With scorn and hoomiliation,'" quoted Steve, and stopped, overcome.

"'I tells you what's the matter and leaves you to figger it out for yourself,'" I added. Then Charley heard us. He turned and approached, an awful frown upon his brow.

"May I inquire what is the reason of this yere merriment?" he asked. The manner was that of a man who proposed to find out. It sat on Charley with so ludicrous a parody that we were further undone. Steve raised his hands in depre-

cation, and spoke in a muffled voice that broke at intervals.

"Can't I laugh in my own back-yard, Charley?" he said. "By the Lord Harry, I *will* laugh inside my stakes! No man shall prevent me. The Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, and the Continental Congress give me the right. Now what have you got to say?"

"I dunno but what you have me whipsawed there, Steve," replied Charley, scratching his head. "Ef it's your right by the Constitootion, o' course I ain't goin' to object."

"Do either of you object?" demanded Steve of Oscar and me in his deepest bass. No, we didn't object; we fell down in the snow and crowed like chanticleer.

"Hunh!" snorted Charley. "Hunh! Them boys hain't got brains in their heads at all—nothin' but doodle-bugs!"

"Well, Charley," continued Steve, "as you don't object, and they don't object, and I don't object, for God's sake let's have breakfast!"

"I'll go you, Steve," replied Charles seriously, and we entered the house uproarious.

There in the kitchen was Mrs. Steve and the "company," a pretty little bright-eyed thing, whose color went and came at a word—more particularly if Oscar said the word. The affair was at present in the formal state—the dawn of realization that two such wonderful and magnificent creatures as Oscar and Sally existed. But they were not Oscar and Sally except in the dear privacy of their souls. Yet how much that is not obvious to the careless ear can be put into "Will you have a buckwheat cake, Mr. Kendall?" or "May I give you a helping of the syrup, Miss Brown?" It took some preparation for each to get out so simple a remark, and invariably the one addressed started guiltily, and got crimson. It was the most uncomfortable rapture I ever saw. However, they received very little plaguing. I can remember but one hard hit. Oscar was pouring syrup upon Sally's cakes, his eyes fixed upon a dainty hand, that shook under his gaze like a leaf. He forgot his business. Steve looked at the inverted, empty syrup-cup for some moments in silence. Then he said to his wife, "Emma, go and get Sally a nice cupful of fresh air to put on her cakes; that that Oscar has in the pitcher is stale by this time."

Oh, those cakes! And the ham! And the fried eggs and potatoes! We lived like fighting cocks at Steve's, as happens on most of the small ranches. The extreme glory of the prairie was not ours. We were wood-choppers, hay-cutters, and farmers, as well as punchers; but what we lost in romance, we made up in sustenance. No one ever saw a biscuit suffering from soda-jaundice on Steve's table. And how, after a night's sleep in a temperature of forty below zero, I would champ my teeth on the path to breakfast! Eating was not an appetite in those days—it was a passion.

Charley and I went forth after breakfast, Oscar lingering a moment, according to his use, to pass a painful five minutes in making excuses for staying that time, where no one needed any explanation.

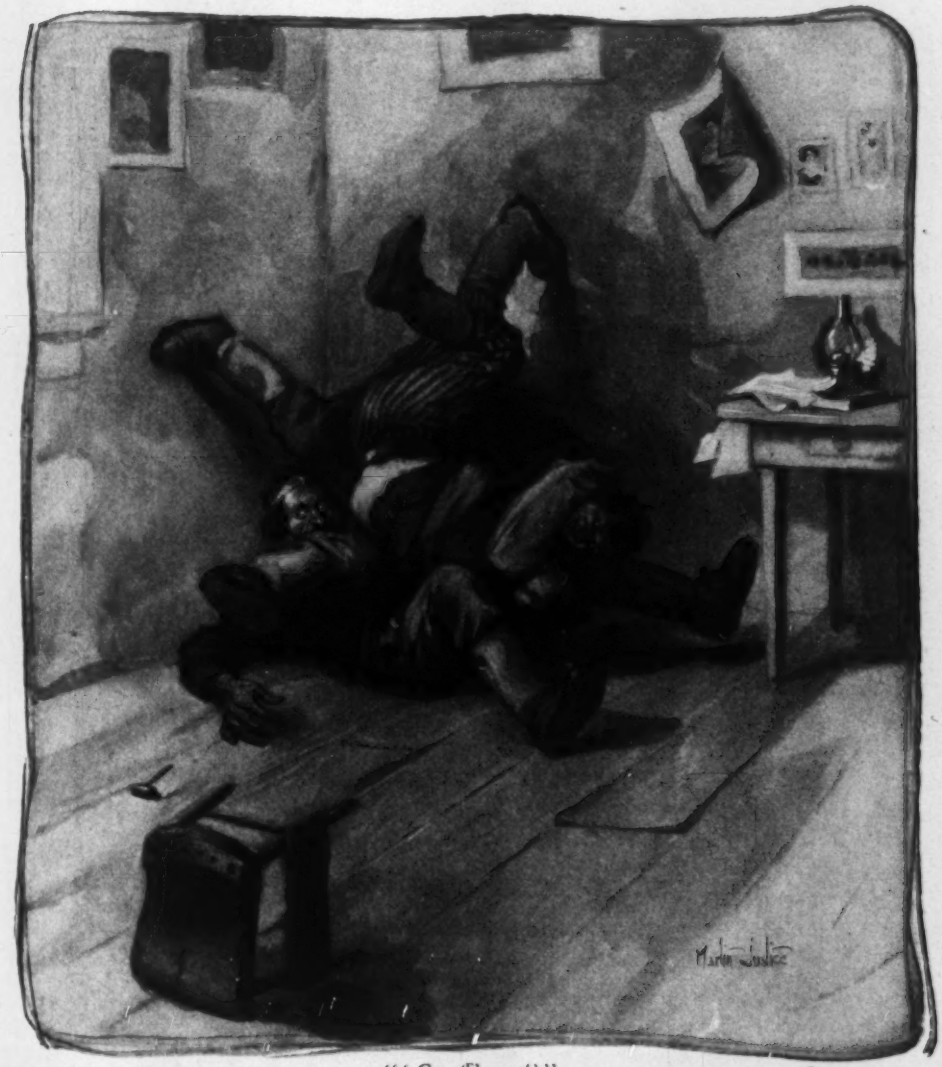
"I wish to gracious Sally and Oscar would just act like people," said Mrs. Steve once in exasperation. "They get me so nervous stammering at each other that I drop everything I lay my hands on, and I feel as if I'd robbed somebody for the rest of the day."

The interview over, Oscar came out, burning with his own embarrassment, and made a sore mess of everything he did for the next hour. A man must have his mind about him on a ranch.

Once upon a time Steve came to Charley and me, literally prancing. We had heard oaths and yells and sounds of a battle royal previously, and wondered what was going on. When he neared us he moved slowly, his hands working like machinery. "I would like to know," he began, and stopped to glare at us and grind his teeth. "I should like to know," he continued, in a voice so weak with rage we could hardly hear it, "who turned the red bull into number three corral."

Charley and I went right on cleaning out the shed. We weren't going to tell on Oscar.

"So it's him again, heh?" shrieked Steve. "Well, now I propose to show him something. I'll show him everything!" He was entirely beyond the influence of reason and grammar. Charley had an ill-advised notion to play the paternal.



"'Get off 'n me!'"

"Now, I'd cool down if I was you, Steve," he admonished.

"You would, would you!" foamed Steve. "Well, who the devil cares what you'd do, anyhow? And if you tell me to cool down just once more, I'll drive you into the ground like a tent-pin."

I jumped through the window, and then laughed, while Charley administered his reproof with appropriate gestures. His long arms flew in the air as he delivered the inspired address, Steve looking at him, a bit of shamefacedness and fun showing through his heat.

"An' mo' I tell you, Steven P. Hendricks!" rolled out Charley in conclusion. "That this citizen of Texas, jus'ly and rightjus'ly called the Lone Star State, has never yet experienced the feeling of bein' daunted by face of man, nor hoof of jack-ass. No, su'! By God, su'!" He held the shovel aloft like a sword. "Let 'em come as they will, male and female after their kind, from a ninety poun' Jew peddler to Mangus Colorado, and from a pigeon-toed digger-Injun squaw to a fo'-hundred-weight Dutch lady, I turn my back on none!"

"You win, Charley," said Steve, and walked off. All Oscar caught out of it was the request that when he felt like reducing the stock on the ranch he'd take a rifle.

Poor Oscar! All noble and heroic

"'Them boys hain't got brains in their

sentiments struggling within him, with no outlet but a hesitating advancing of the theory that "if we didn't get rain before long, the country'd be awful dry." Small wonder that he burst out in the bull-pen one night with "I wish the Injuns would jump this ranch!"

"You do?" said Charley. "Well, durn your hide for that wish! What's got into you to make you wish that?"

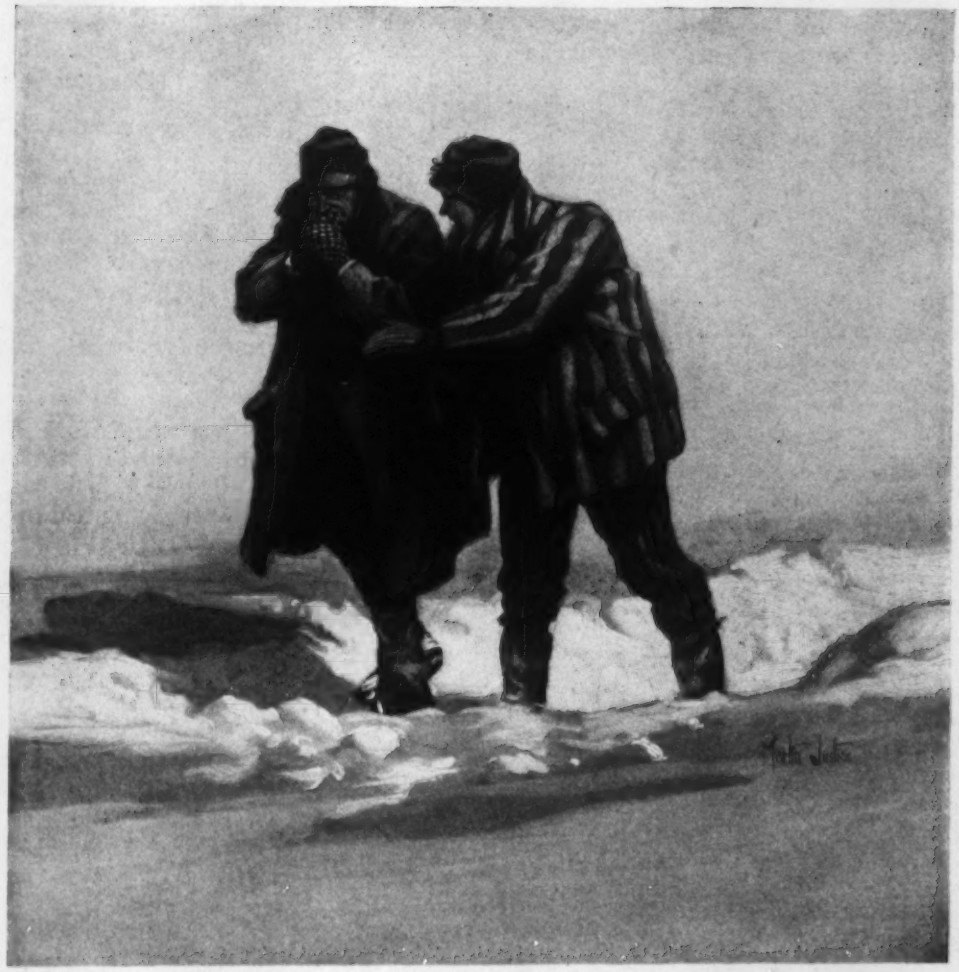
"Aw!" said Oscar, twitching around on his stool, "I'm sick and tired of not being able to say anything. If the Sioux got up, I could do something."

"Oh, that's it," retorted Charles. "Well, Oscar, far's I can see, if it's necessary to have a war-party of Injuns whoopin' an' yellin' an' crow-hoppin' an' makin' fancywork out of people to give you the proper start afore your gal, it 'd be jes' as well for you to stay single the res' of your days. The results wouldn't justify the trouble."

Afterward Oscar told me in private that Charley was an old stiff, and he didn't believe he'd make a chest at a grasshopper if the latter spunked up any. That wronged old Charley. But Oscar must be excused—he was a singularly unhappy man.

To come back to what happened. Oscar that morning had the care of Geronimo, a coal-black, man-eating stallion, a brute as utterly devoid of fear as of docility. A tiger kills to eat, and occasionally for the fun of it; that horse killed out of ferocity, and hate of every living thing.

A fearful beast is a bad horse. One really has more chance against a tiger. Geronimo stood seventeen hands high,



heads at all—nothin' but doodle-bugs' "

and weighed over sixteen hundred pounds. When he reared on his hind legs and came for you screaming, his teeth snapping like bear-traps, his black mane flying, a man seemed a puny antagonist indeed. One blow from those front hoofs and your troubles were over. Once down, he'd trample, bite, and kick you until your own mother would hesitate to claim the pile of rags and jelly he left. He had served two men so already; nothing but his matchless beauty saved his life.

Nowhere could one find a better example of hell-beautiful than when he tore around his corral in a tantrum, as lithe and graceful as a black panther. His mane stood on end; his eyes and nostrils were of a color; the muscles looked to be bursting through the silken gloom of his coat. His swiftness was something incredible. He caught and most horribly killed Jim Baxter's hound, before the latter could get out of the corral—and a bear-hound is a pretty agile animal.—We had to tie Jim, or he'd made an end of Geronimo. He left the ranch right after that. The loss of his dog broke him all up.

We fed and watered Geronimo with a pitchfork, and in terror then, for his slyness and cunning were on a par with his other pleasant peculiarities. One of the poor devils he killed entered the stable all unsuspecting. Geronimo had broken his chains, and stood close against the wall of his stall in the darkness, waiting. The man came within reach. Suddenly a black mass of flesh flashed in the air above him, coming down with all four hoofs,—and that's enough of that story.

A nice pet was Geronimo. An excellent decoration for a gentleman's stable —stuffed.

Well, Oscar turned him out this morning, and then he, Steve, and I went for hay. As it was toward the last of winter, all the near stacks had been used up, and we had to haul from Kennedy's bottom, eight miles away. When we started, the air was still and frozen, with a deep, biting cold unusual to Dakota; the sort that searches you and steals all the heat you own. We were numb by the time we reached the stack, and glad enough to have warm work to do. We fell to it with a rush for that reason, and because a dull gray blink upon the western skyline seemed to promise a blizzard. We were tying down the last load, when I heard the hum of wind coming, and looked up, expecting to see a wall of flying snow, and continued looking, seeing nothing of the kind. There I stood, in the air of an ice-house, when a gust of that wind struck me in the face. A miracle! In a snap of your fingers I was bathed in genial warmth. All about me rode the scent of spring and flowers! It was as if the doors of a giant conservatory were thrown open.

"Chinook, boys! Chinook!" I called, casting down my fork. They ran from the lee of the stack, throwing their coats open, drinking it in and laughing, for, man! we were weary of winter! First it came in puffs, at length settling down to a steady breeze, as of the sea. The sun, that in the early morning was no more than a pale effigy, poured on us a heart-warming fire. We hustled for home, knowing that the Chinook would make short work of the snow. In fact, we had not covered more than half the distance before the prairie began to show brown here and there, where it lay thin between mountainous drifts. We sang and howled all the way to the sheds, feeling fine.

Here Steve left us, to go to the house, while Oscar and I unloaded the sleighs.

Suddenly I felt uncomfortable, for no reason in this world. The land about us was rejoicing with booming of that kind, warm wind, yet a sharp uneasiness stopped me and forced me to raise my head. For three-quarters of a circle nothing met my eye but the vanishing snow-drifts. I reached the house; nothing wrong there. Steve was walking briskly out toward us, smoking his pipe. Then the corrals—all right, number one, two, three, four—Lord have mercy!

"Oscar!" I shrieked, and snatched him to his feet. He rose, bewildered and half angry, then looked to where I pointed.

Through the center of number four corral tripped Sally, dear little timid Sally, glad to be out in this lovely air, her eyes and mind on Oscar doubtless, and in the same corral, shut off from her sight by a projection of the sheds, stood Geronimo. And he saw her, too, for as she waved a hand to us, he bared his great teeth and clashed them together. The earth seemed to rock and sink from me. Every soul on the ranch was told to keep away from the corral with the two buffalo skulls over the gates, a warning sufficiently big and gruesome to stop anyone. What fatal lapse of memory had struck the girl?

She was beyond help. We were all of two hundred yards away, and Steve still farther; she was not a quarter of that from the brute. If we shouted, if we moved, we might bring her end upon her—and such an end! When I thought of that dainty, pretty little woman beneath those hoofs, I felt a hideous sickness. The man beside me said, "My God! My mistake!" A corral opened on each side of the box stall in which Geronimo was confined. One of these was usually empty, a reserve. It was into this that Oscar had turned the horse. The other was the corral of the skulls.

Geronimo leaped out. The girl halted, stark, open-mouthed, every sign of life stricken from her at a blow. Geronimo sprang high and snapped at nothing, in evil play before the earnest. It was horrible. We could do neither harm nor good now, so we ran for the spot. It was down hill from us to them. I doubt that anything on two legs ever covered distance as we did, for all the despair.

Geronimo reared and stood upon his hind feet, as straight as a man. He advanced, striking, looming above his victim. "All over," I thought, and tried to take my eyes away. I could not.

At that instant a white-hatted, gaunt, tall figure rushed from the stable door, a shovel in its hand, straight between the

"The affair was at present in the formal state"

girl and her destruction. There he stood, with his paltry weapon raised, unflinching. An oath came to my lips and a hot spot to my throat at the sight. No eye ever saw a braver thing.

At this, a dip in the ground and the eight-foot fence of the corral shut out all within. God knows how we got over that fence. I swear I think we leaped it. I have no memory of climbing, but I do recall landing on the other side in a swoop.

Geronimo had old Charley in his teeth, shaking him like a rat.

"Steve!" I called, "Steve!" And then Oscar and I charged at the wicked brute with our pitchforks. All that followed is a tangled, bad dream of hurry, fear, yells, oaths, and myself stabbing, stabbing, stabbing with the pitchfork. Then a gun cracked somewhere, a black mass toppled toward me that knocked me sprawling—and all was still. I sat for a moment, smiling foolishly and fumbling for my hat. Steve raised me by the arm. He still had his revolver in his hand, and his glance on the dead stallion. He asked me if I was hurt, and I said yes. He asked me where, and I said that made no difference. Then, as I came to a little more, I said I guessed I wasn't hurt, and looked around. Oscar had Sally in his arms. The tears were running down his cheeks, and he moved his head from side to side, like a man in agony. Her head was buried in his breast, her hands locked around his neck. It was well with them, evidently. But limp upon the ground, his forehead varnished red, lay old Charley.

We turned him over tenderly, wiping the blood away. Steve's lips quivered as he put his hand on the old man's heart. He kept it there a long time. Then he said huskily, "He's gone!" At the words the sound eye of the victim popped open with a suddenness that made my heart throw a somersault. It was as sane, calm, and undisturbed an optic as ever regarded the world.

"G-a-w-n H—l!" came drawling through the nose of Charley.

We laughed and wiped our eyes with our coat sleeves, and got the old boy to his feet.

"Same old Texas," said he, feeling of his head. The hoof had scraped instead of smashing. "Slightly disfiggered, but still in the ring."

He caught sight of the lovers. "Hello!" he said. "Oscar's made his ante good at last—bad hawse works as well as Injuns." We started to lead him by the pair.

"Naw, boys," he commanded. "Take me 'round 't'uther way. That gal don't want to see me now, all bloody and mussed up like this."

It was useless to try and make a hero of Charley.

MISS JANUMIT LATLIT

BY EMPEIGH MERWYN

Illustrated by F. Y. Cory

IT was on this wise that that pathetic, elusive, bewildering little personality first came into our childless lives.

We were comfortably established one hot afternoon on the piazza of the cottage, to which we had fled but yesterday from a Chicago August. My wife rocked lazily, her basket of embroidery on her lap, while I swayed slowly in the hammock, with a vague notion of reading, at some pleasantly indefinite moment of the future, from the magazine in my hand.

The prospect of a month's freedom from the office—where I had left matters in good shape—imparted an optimistic tinge to my mood. I began to expatiate aloud upon our good luck in having discovered this pretty Michigan lake, where we knew no one and need not be bothered by callers dropping in——

"Where we can't even hear the children in the next flat," Bess put in.

"Yes," I acquiesced, "the wide expanse of territory between us and that cottage just beyond the point forms a sufficiently large light-shaft to deaden sounds of——"

It was at this moment that we heard a wail of childish agony that brought us both to our feet.

"No, no, no—no—oh!"

On the grass plot between us and the lake a tiny girl, perhaps three years old, was running wildly and crying piteously. We caught a vision of a little face of terror, before she flung herself upon the ground, burying her face in her arm, shrieking and kicking.

Bess—not so fleet of foot as she was fifteen years ago—was nevertheless ahead of me, and bending over the little writhing figure, murmuring endearments.

The child sat upright, with flushed face, staring at us in surprise; in her grief and terror she had not seen us.

"What *is* the matter, you little, precious thing?" asked my wife tenderly.

She wore a dainty pink frock, her hair

"Running wildly and crying piteously"

was a mass of kinky yellow, her eyes were bluish-gray, and all else visible of her can best be described as peachy. Bess had gathered her up and was acting as though she actually was the fruit that she suggested.

"What made you cry, Baby?" I inquired.

The tot looked at me an instant, then the surprise to which the terror had given place changed in its turn to an enchanting smile.

"I Mish Janumit Latlit," she said, as if that settled the whole matter.

"'I Mish Janumit Latlit'"

I looked at Bess in bewilderment.

"She's telling you her name, stupid!—the little darling!" To the child, "What did you say your name is, Pet?"

"I Mish Janumit Latlit," she repeated.

"Janumit Latlit—what a name! And for such a little blossom! But why did you cry so, darling—Janumit?"

At Bess's question the baby's smile vanished, the look of fear and anguish returned, and clasping Bess's neck the child cried out, "Don' let her git me—don' let her fip Janumit! No, no, no!"

"Who wants to get you, Baby?" I asked.

She looked at me, her little countenance distorted with fear. "Janumit's 'tepmuvver," she said. "Don' let her fip Janumit! No, no!"

My wife's eyes grew wide. She rose from the grass, clasping the little pinky creature close, and looked around defensively. No pursuer was in sight, and we returned to the piazza, little Janumit submitting willingly to be borne away and cooed over by my wife.

Then Bess looked at me, her eyes still wide, and demanded: "Robert Evans, do you believe any *woman* could *whip* this little angelic thing?"

Resenting her accusatory attitude that made me—a perfectly innocent party, not even a spectator—*particeps criminis*, I began a witty reply to the effect that, considering the sex of a stepmother, it was difficult to foresee the exact channel in which her activity might discharge itself. But the child began to cry again piteously, the word "whip" evidently having suggested the cruel treatment to which she had been subjected.

"Don' let her fip me—no, no! Janumit wunned way, way off!" She struggled out of Bess's encircling arms and flung herself face downward upon the floor, screaming upon her little arm, as

when we first saw her, on the grass. Of all pitiful variations of baby woe I had never heard the like before; it seemed as though the little creature, in her short life, must have run the entire gamut of infantile suffering.

Bess's face was white and her lips formed a horizontal line—that I know well—as she gave me one look. Then she swooped down upon the agitated pink mass and gathered the little sufferer with ineffable tenderness.

"You little flower, you shall not be 'fipped' here! My little precious one, don't cry any more now, darling— there, *there*, the-ere!"

The baby looked up into her face with big eyes of wonder. It was plain that such treatment puzzled her — evidently enough, caresses and terms of passionate endearment were new to her experience.

"I Mish Janumit Latlit," she said, with a smile that might have fractured adamant.

"Yes, darling; yes, sweet," said Bess soothingly. "Where do you live, Janumit dear?"

"Way, way off, ovy *there*," she pointed to the opposite shore of the lake.

"'Robert Evans, do you believe any woman could whip this little angelic thing?'"

"How do you suppose she could get here?" I murmured incredulously.

The child heard me; "Janumit wunned away, way off in 'e boat. 'Tepmuvver 'tan't git me now!" The little face began to pucker up into its look of agony.

Bess darted a glance of reproach at me. "*Don't* ask such questions, Robert! Do you want to make her cry herself sick?"

My offences are often of an occult nature, although my wife can detect them every time. But I made no protest—the matter in hand was too tragic—as I watched Bess exerting every effort to soothe the little, moaning creature.

At last we were half distracted. All the soothing and caressing seemed but to make matters worse. "For heaven's sake, Robert, *do* something!" commanded Bess, at her wit's end.

I hastily made a collection of articles that seemed to me sufficiently gaudy and curious—or breakable and valuable—to attract a young child's fancy. We finally got her attention, and after a time she forgot her troubles in the examination of a red leather needle-book.

"The sorrows of childhood," I remarked somewhat tritely, "are quickly healed."

Bess was bent upon keeping the sorrows of this specimen of childhood permanently healed. "We *must* not let her cry again!" she said sternly, then, in a rapturous tone —"Now, precious, you are going to have the *nicest* time and be *so* happy!" It is perhaps needless to say that the first remark was addressed to me, the second to the baby.

She now constructed a throne of pillows in the hammock, and, when the child was ensconced thereon, all the valuables in our possession were piled up on her lap, the overflow being placed upon a chair within easy reach. The little peachy creature fell to playing contentedly with the skeins of brilliant embroidery-silks, pouring out over them a flood of the most delectable baby-prattle that I ever heard. We looked at each other.

"*What* are you going to do, Robert?"

"Do? I don't see anything to do now — the child has stopped crying——"

"As if that were the end!" she cried scornfully. "Do you think that I shall let that little, blessed baby go back to an inhuman—" she paused, glancing apprehensively toward the hammock. Janumit was talking to herself and subjecting the silks to such an ordeal that I, recalling an occasion when I once inadvertently produced a slight confusion in the work-basket, began to fear for her. But Bess beamed upon her. "She *shall* scruzzle the silks all up, if she wants to, the darling!" she cooed. "Would you like to stay here, sweetheart, all the time, and have all the pretty things to play with? Would you, Janumit?"

The child looked into Bess's eyes with the steady stare of childhood. When the question was repeated, she said, with that entrancing smile, "Yesh, 'tay wiv' oo all 'e time!" Then she went hastily back to the bliss of "scruzzling" up the silks. Presently we heard her talking to herself.

"Want to 'tay wiv' 'e nisch lagyan' 'e mans and play wiv' 'e pitty fings, Janumit? Want to, Janumit, *want to?* Marzhry let Janumit 'tay? Yesh, I guesh so!"

"Where is 'Marzhry,' darling?"

A strange look came into the blue-gray depths. "Marzhry all goned away," she said.

"Who is 'Marzhry'?" I asked.

"I hastily made a collection of articles"

"Marzhry's 'e uvver itty girl, way off in 'e cottage." She waved a silk-entangled little fist vaguely. "Ish is Marzhry's itty dwess." She patted her pink knee. "Janumit not got any pitty itty dwess—'tepmuvver tooked 'em 'way." The dreadful terror began to show on the little face, but my wife hastily created a diversion—with my new field-glass.

I was beginning to realize the meaning of the look on my wife's face—a determination on which any such trivial consideration as the legal rights over a child would go to smash. I concluded that it was time for me to set on foot some systematic inquiry tending to the discovery of the child's proper and lawful guardians. So I ventured to ask, "Where is your papa, little Janumit?"

"Papa not love Janumit now; 'tepmuvver not let Papa love Janumit," said the pathetic little thing.

Bess gave me a terrible look. "Robert, you *shall* not ask such horrid questions!" But I felt myself sufficiently like a brute and hastened to cover my unfortunate remark by the offer of my knife and pocket-book.

Little Janumit abandoned her hammock-throne and began to play about on the piazza, trotting from hammock to chair and back again, re-arranging her treasures—which now included our jewelry—to suit her ever-changing fancy.

I talked seriously to my wife now in an undertone, urging upon her the necessity of learning something more definite about the child, and she finally allowed me to ask some questions—she herself always coming in upon me with some new offering, in time to prevent a recurrence of the weeping which too prolonged consideration of her stepmother never failed to elicit from Janumit.

Between us we managed to get from the child, in her intervals of play with her engrossing playthings, a tale of cruelty that would have roused a less susceptible pair than my wife and myself. Some of the details seemed too horrible for belief, and I felt confident that something must be attributed to childish imagination. But making due allowance here, it was plain that the child's stepmother must be a fiend—a creature designed by nature and molded by environment to sit for the portrait of the stepmother *par excellence*. My wife's eyes grew wider and wider; and while I am a man little given to emotional display, I found once that my nails had cut the palm of my clenched hand.

The climax came when Bess, who had the child on her lap, noticed a handkerchief drawn tightly around her arm, just above the wrist, partly covered by her sleeve, and pinned in bungling fashion.

"What is this, dearest?"

"Ish my hanchnafiss." The baby lifted big eyes of pathos. "I got hur-r-t!"

"You sweet little thing!" Bess lifted the hurt wrist tenderly, preparatory to

removing the awkward bandage, but the child screamed with pain.

"No, no, no! don' touch it—I got hur-r-t, I got hur-r-t!" She struggled down to the floor in terror.

When Bess had convinced her that we would not interfere with the little injured arm, and had coaxed her back to her lap, I asked, "How did you get hurt, little Janumit?"

She stared into my eyes for a few seconds, in silence, as though reluctant, in her baby soul, to reveal the cruel truth. Then, with great, solemn eyes, she said in that irresistible baby patois—"I got hur-r-t yessady-day, 'tepmuvver hit Janumit wiv' a knife, a bid knife."

My wife began to shower passionate kisses over her face and neck and hair. I got up and walked hastily across the piazza and back. Bess is far from strong, and what we had been listening to—with the little victim before us—was enough to upset stronger nerves than hers. I was not surprised to find her sobbing and crying into the yellowy mass of hair.

Little Janumit manifested the same surprise as before at the caresses lavished upon her. And now when the "nisch lagy" began to weep, the child gazed in consternation. Then the flood of her own grief broke forth anew. The grief had been tearless before, but now she sobbed and sobbed, and abundant tears disfigured the pretty little countenance. I looked on helplessly at the two.

Presently she began to comfort Bess. "Don' cwy, lagy, don' cwy!" she begged, kissing her and clasping her neck.

This touching development brought Bess to herself. She put an end to her own sobbing, and devoted herself to calming the child. This, however, was not an easy matter this time. We have learned since then that the blessed little soul cannot endure to see anyone else crying—the sight of another's tears affects her more profoundly than the cruel experiences of "Mish Janumit Latlit" herself.

In desperation I produced my watch. I do not, as a rule, cherish the idea of beholding my watch in the clutch of immaturity, devoted to robust uses for which it was not designed. But I made this sacrifice willingly, and after we got her attention, I rejoiced to see the success of my measure.

Great was our relief when the sobs and tears finally ceased entirely, and the baby, tired out, leaned her yellow head against Bess's breast, the "pitty tick-tick" clasped in her plump hand.

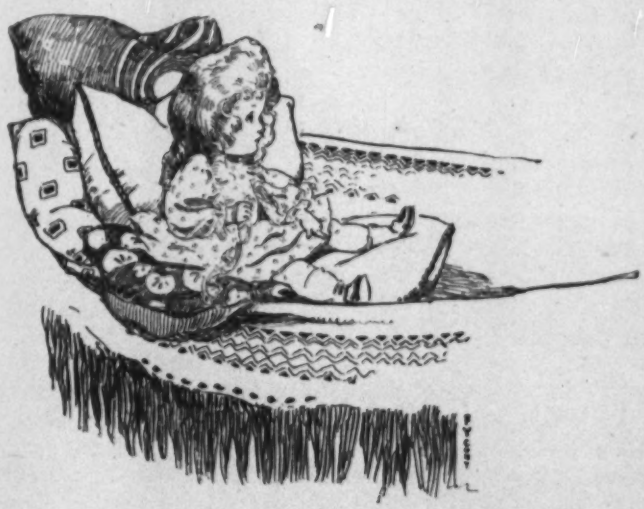
Presently the long lashes began to waver and fall; and now we beheld that ever-beautiful phenomenon of childhood, when the seemingly tireless activity of the little individuality gradually yields to the peace of oncoming sleep.

"I so seepy," she murmured.

Then the blue-gray deeps were obscured by the white coverings deeply fringed with black—sleep reigned!

I shall not attempt to describe my emotions as I gazed at little Janumit asleep in my wife's embrace. Thus far we had not felt the lack of children. Youth and middle-age have many diversions, but a childless old age—I had thought of that before!

My deep-seated aversion to action on the impulse of strong emotion, my prudence, my apprehension of probable practical difficulties in the way of taking this child—well, if there had not been within me something very strong combating all those considerations, I knew the import of that look in Bess's eyes as she hugged the child to her breast. I have never



"The little peachy creature fell to playing contentedly"

regretted that I concealed my feelings —partially, at least—putting forward the practical, prudent side; I am a generous man, and am willing to let my wife have the satisfaction of having taken the initiative in the adoption of little Janumit.

I waited until she began—as I knew she would—"Robert, *you* may be hard-hearted, if you like, but *I* shall never allow this child to fall into the hands of that inhuman—" She set her teeth. "And what is more, I shall keep her myself!"

"I know how you feel, my dear," I said indulgently, "I only desire to caution you against allowing your feelings to run away with you. A woman is all feeling——"

"Feeling!" indignantly. "And what is a man under such circumstances, I wish to know?"

"A man at least attempts to govern feeling by reason," I said mildly. "Now it occurs to me at once to wonder if there might not be some exaggeration in the statements of this child——"

"Robert Evans, this is no place for you to drag in that hateful pessimism of yours and air your knowledge of human depravity! The idea that such a *baby* could speak anything but the truth; I am *ashamed* of you!"

Squelched here, I began again. "But, my dear Elizabeth, there are matters that ought to be considered. There is heredity, for instance—now what do we know of this child's antecedents?"

"Heredity!" Look and tone united to wither me. "What do I care for heredity? Humanity is enough for me—especially such an adorable specimen of it as this.

"She is certainly a fine child," I conceded; "apparently without drawbacks, physical or mental. Everything seems to be normal, with the possible exception of her fantastic name."

"I like her name—it is so quaint, it seems to suit her somehow, the little dear! Now she veered round and took me unexpectedly. "Robert, you don't mean a word that you say"—her intuition is sometimes startling—"you are just talking to hear yourself talk—you want this child just as much as I do! We've been growing frightfully selfish—a child in our home will be our salvation. And this precious little blossom—if providence didn't bring her to us, what did, I should like to know!"

Unable to answer this, I mused a moment. Then I resumed—less hypocritically. "Granting the perfect eligibility of the child for adoption and our desire to avail ourselves of the apparently providential opportunity, you must reflect, my dear, that there may be legal obstacles."

"What legal obstacles?" She braced herself to meet them on the spot.

"Well, the child is not ours, you see."

"Oh," indignantly, "it belongs to the stepmother, no doubt!"

"There is the father to be reckoned with. He may not wish to resign his offspring, and he would in that case have the laws on his side."

"Oh, then, the *laws* of this *civilized* land would take a helpless little child and hand it over to be beaten and abused! Very well, then I will *break* the laws—all of them, if necessary—and do the country a service, too!" Her idea evidently was that breaking a law constituted its repeal and erasure from the statute-books. "But my woman's instinct tells me that there is some way to evade such laws—and you will have to find it, Robert!" That is the usual way—her woman's instinct scents something, but I must hunt around and get it located when she needs to use it. "Do you think that any *jury* would tear this child from my arms and give it to a brutal, inhuman wretch?"

"Sleep reigned"

Bess's acquaintance with proceedings

at law is slight, and her ideas on the subject present an interesting vagueness. I would give a dollar for the mental picture that engaged her at that moment—herself a heroic figure, defying the law and its minions, melting by her eloquence the hearts of the jury come to snatch the child from her grasp. She pointed dramatically now to the little bandaged arm, that we had not dared to touch.

"Do you suppose," she breathed, "that the little thing had to bind that up *herself?*"

I arose and walked up and down, to banish a mental picture of my own—of a little shrinking innocent and an inhuman creature wearing the outward semblance of a woman! I do not know what my face said, but when I stood again before Bess and the sleeping child, my hat in my hand, my wife gave me a long look of perfect sympathy.

"'I hope that you have not been annoyed too much'"

"You may rest assured," I said decidedly, "that I shall investigate this matter. I know little of the laws of this State, but I venture to say that the statute-books contain some provision against cruelty to children. You would better keep the child inside—out of sight—while I go up to the hotel and make some inquiries. Then I will go at once to the village and consult the proper authorities."

As I descended the steps, the sound of voices came from the direction of the lake. A young man and woman were hurrying along looking in every direction.

"Now, don't worry, Milly," I heard the man say. "She'll turn up all right pretty soon—she never gets hurt, you know that! Probably they have taken her in at some cottage."

At this they both looked toward our cottage, and the man said in a voice of relief, "There she is—right there—on that porch! I see her pink dress."

They came rapidly toward us. I looked at Bess, and she looked at me, and hugged little Janumit closer.

The man stood at the foot of the steps. He removed his hat and stood there, smiling. "I hope, Madam," he said, "that you have not been annoyed too much. My wife and I went to the city this morning, and left our little girl with a friend. We have just come back to find that she slipped away and that they've been looking for her for an hour."

He was a good-looking young fellow of about thirty, with nothing in his appearance to make it impossible for him to be the father of such a beautiful child as Janumit. But what excuse can there be for a man, who, whatever his own disappointment may be in his second marriage, can allow his own child to be grossly maltreated!

I faced him. "You are Mr. Latlit, I presume," I said icily.

He looked at me bewildered for an instant, then a broad grin began to take possession of his countenance. A little note of laughter came from the young woman behind him.

I stood, a sort of defensive outwork against them, while Bess had risen, a statuesque figure, clasping the child still closer.

Indeed, under the growing pressure the child opened her eyes upon the scene. Instantly, when she saw the newcomers, she began to struggle, and, kicking herself out from Bess's arms, she fled—not to the remotest corner of the piazza, but straight into the arms of the young woman. The latter began straightway to behave much as my wife had done previously, acting under the evident delusion that the child was literally as well as metaphorically a peach. The young woman's hair was yellowish-brown, her eyes were blue-gray, and she was very good to look upon. She did not carry a knife.

"My name," said the man, still smil-

ing, "is Dent. Did she tell you that her name was Latlit?"

"Marjorie, you naughty little rogue, what have you been doing?" The young woman shook the child, but not in a fashion accurately to be described as stepmotherly. "Did you tell the lady that your name was Janumit Latlit?"

"I jus' a-playling, Mamma!" The small impostor let forth one of those insinuating and engaging smiles with which she is accustomed to make the path of life easy for herself. Then she recollected something. "Papa, did oo bwing my dolly-fwing?" she demanded a dozen times.

Bess had made some progress in the process of pulling herself together. "Do you mean that her name is not—" she began.

The young woman laughed pleasantly. "Her name is Marjorie, but she is always playing that she is 'Mish Janumit Latlit'. Where she ever got that ridiculous name we don't know."

"She rode away triumphantly"

"But she told us all about—" Bess stopped. "How could such a baby keep it up so long?"

"Oh, she plays it for *hours*, if I will only talk with her. Did you call her 'Janumit'?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"Well, that explains it—she thought you were 'jus' a-playling', too."

After a quick glance at Bess, the young woman resumed. "Sometimes I am a little worried for fear Marjorie will grow up untruthful." She spoke with an assumption of young-motherly anxiety, but she was playing for time—our attitude was peculiar, but we were yet the persons to whom she was indebted for taking in her little runaway. "But my husband thinks that it is just imagination."

"Imagination, pure and simple," said the young man promptly. "The adventures of Miss Janumit Latlit would make your hair stand on end!"

Bess would no longer serve as a model for a sculptor with a commission for a figure to be called Defiance, and I had so far recovered myself as to place chairs for our visitors.

The young woman, with a growing appreciation of what the situation might be, asked, a mischievous gleam in her eyes, "What has she been telling you? Lately, Janumit has had a cruel stepmother."

My wife's face grew red. The young people were politely striving to keep their amusement down. I reflected on the wisdom of honesty and candor.

"Well, we might as well own that we were a little wrought up by the child's story. To tell the truth, I thought it rather preposterous." I did not look at Bess, but she did look at me. "But my wife is very tender of heart, and I don't mind telling you that *she* had decided to adopt the child."

Bess now spoke with dignity. "I shall not attempt to conceal from you, Mrs. Dent, that my husband had just started out, when you came, to consult the authorities and find out the laws of this State for the protection of children."

Then we all gave up, and vented our varied emotions in the same way.

In the course of explanations, freely interspersed with laughter, Bess indicated the bandaged arm.

The mother seized it ruthlessly and, removing the "hanchnafiss," displayed a plump and flawless member. "She gets hur-r-t constantly," she explained, "so as to bandage the wound. She bandages my fingers and arms as long as I let her,

and then she gets 'hur-r-t' herself in every conceivable place. She is going to be a nurse, I think."

"If she isn't a confidence lady, or a dealer in gold bricks," said the father.

"Want to go home, wight *now!*" said the child imperiously. "Want to see my dolly-fwing!"

"But you said you would stay with us, darling," said Bess, with reproach that was not all feigned.

The young father surveyed the collection of valuables that covered the piazza and chuckled softly, as he rose and swung his offspring to his shoulder.

"Where is Miss Janumit Latlit?" I demanded.

"Goned *way* off! Way up in 'e 'ky, on 'e choo-choo cars!" with a last magnificent sweep of fancy.

Then she rode away triumphantly on the broad shoulder of "Mr. Latlit," to the cottage just beyond the point, where "Marzhry, the uvver itty girl," lived.

THE TRIUMPH

BY ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I-VIII—Young Doctor Neal Robeson has gone home for a rest to the little town in Western Pennsylvania where his father is the old doctor. He finds his father alarmingly aged, and the girl whom he loves, Eleanor Craig, seemingly on the point of falling in love with another man. This is Lindsay Neville, the son of a rich man from a neighboring city who has just built a big country house in the neighborhood. Eleanor, who is an orphan, with a younger brother to take care of, in order to add to her small income has begun drilling an oil well on her place. The boss driller, Ike Braddish, is a tough character, whom Neal, on the day of his homecoming, had seen fit to order out of town. Braddish did leave, but only for a while, and with a threat to return and "do" Neal "up".

Neal at length asks Eleanor to marry him, and is refused. Eleanor has also repeatedly refused to heed his advice to move away while Braddish is working on the place. As Neal is about to leave that evening, he hears near the house one of the drillers singing a coarse song. He attacks the man and is beaten insensible, while Braddish, who has come up, looks on. They carry him into Eleanor's house and revive him; but Eleanor, who has been nettled by his constant offers of advice, lets him go home without thanking him.

CHAPTER IX

Peter Casey's Day

EVEN in the dry verbiage of a newspaper report, Lindsay Neville's speech, accepting the nomination for mayor of Avalon, seemed to Neal interesting and illuminating. He wished he might have heard the speech delivered; a few sentences had the trick of repeating themselves in his ears.

"If I am elected," Neville had said, "mine shall be a policy of vengeance, not of conciliation. A compromise with honor is a victory for dishonor."

And he had stated that he would make it his first business to place three aldermen, four ward leaders, and "one who is greater than the mayor himself," behind the bars. The designations could not have been more definite had he mentioned names.

A stone had been thrown at him as he was leaving the hall. It had missed him, and the man who had thrown it had escaped. Neville had gone then to a street in the slums, the stronghold of one of the criminal aldermen. There he had spoken

from the tail of a cart, by torchlight, to a gathering crowd. There, too, he repeated his promises of vengeance.

"I have been threatened with death if I did not drop these charges," he said. "To-night, after repeating them, I was stoned. I have repeated them again. I shall go on repeating them. And not all the anonymous letter-writers in this State, and not all the other cowards who stand in the dark and throw stones shall cause me to alter or retract one word, or to deviate by a hair's breadth from my purpose."

And instead of stones and brickbats, there had been in this supposed stronghold of the enemy, applause.

Neal dropped the newspaper to the floor and sat on the piazza dreaming. It was the trait of which his father, not without reason, had been most apprehensive. Now he was picturing for himself the passages in Neville's night of triumph. With a hungry envy he felt that by this step Neville, his rival, had indeed passed into another world, where he could not follow.

That day his own horizon seemed drawing in around him. His mother had come to him and said, "We shall have you with us only two weeks longer, Neal," and he had answered, "Yes."

"It will be lonely without you," she had said to him.

"Oh, not more so than it was before," he told her cheerfully.

"Yes, more so—much more so."

He knew what she meant—"*without you, and without your father.*" And she knew that he understood. She did not plead with him to stay, but he read her longing. And the chilling question had come to him, "What if, after all, my place is here?"

For some days he had fought the suspicion that his father might have cancer. That evening he insisted that a physician from Avalon should be summoned to make an examination. The invalid protested, but his opposition was subdued, and the next day the Avalon expert came. He confirmed Neal's worst suspicions.

The old doctor bore the sentence with fortitude.

"It is what I knew myself," he said to Neal afterwards. "This must not make any difference in your plans. I am good for a long time yet. I can't afford to let you miss your chance."

But he was plainly troubled in mind, and at last Neal said to him:

"You have been worrying over something besides yourself."

The doctor confessed. "I've been a miserable failure, Neal. I haven't stored up riches on this earth. I've been satisfied to let my practice keep us going, after a fashion. I have hardly a thousand a year besides. The practice is worth between two and three thousand. But it's all right," he added with hasty cheerfulness; "that's not to make any difference in your plans. You've got to take advantage of that opening with Doctor Westgate."

Neal was silent. His horizon was closing in around him.

The doctor's thoughts had turned sadly to another theme.

"You will have to tell your mother about me, Neal. I—I can't."

The young man put his arm comfortingly about his father's neck and his cheek against his father's beard.

Mrs. Robeson, when she heard, wept awhile in her son's arms. And then, having heard the worst, which she had all along feared, she tried to take the most cheerful view. "I can't think that there is no hope," she said. "He means to be active for a long time yet, Neal. I am sure I shall be able to send you good news when you are back in New York."

So his mother was unwilling that he should change his plans; she did not want him to stay. He had surely misunderstood her.

Three days later occurred the anniversary of Peter Casey's death. Peter Casey had been the only man from the village who had been killed in battle; he had been struck down by a shell as he was carrying his wounded comrade and officer, Captain Robeson, from the field. And his memory had been honored twice annually, ever since: on Decoration Day, when the graves of the other veterans of the Civil War were visited, and on the anniversary of his death.

It was a fine still October morning when Doctor Robeson came down the stairs, his military hat with the gold braid on his head, his sword clanking from step to step. He alone of the village veterans

"sat round on tombstones or on the grass while the doctor told them how Peter Casey had died"

had won a commission in the war; and his comrades had asked him to lead them in their marches to the cemetery, and to wear his sword. Gaunt and pale as he was, there was yet a martial air about him when he wore these insignia, and there was still something splendid and heroic in the look of his eyes and the bearing of his head.

His family were on the porch. "You boys are going with me?" he said, and they nodded. His wife and daughter stood and followed the three with their eyes, as they passed down the road to the school-house, the place of rendezvous. When, half an hour later, the little company, the five veterans, the handful of soldier's sons, came marching by, carrying flags with which to decorate Peter Casey's grave, the two women were still on the porch, framed in by the vines, fluttering their handkerchiefs and smiling. The doctor saluted them with his sword.

John Robeson marched at the head of the procession, a member of the fife and drum corps; Neal walked at the rear among the sons of veterans, tramping on to the old army tunes that the boys were pounding out. His eyes rested on his father, marching with such proud—he feared, such painful—erectness, and he wondered of what the old man was thinking with all the martial music in his ears. Was he picturing his charge at the head of the regiment across the open field into the smoking, belching woods, at the edge of which he had fallen wounded, but conscious and able to hear from the hasty surgeon sentence of death? What thrills, what vivid memories!—or, unstirred by the old marching tunes, was he thinking, not of the past, but of the future? Then Neal saw, as the column made a turn, his father's face, gray and preoccupied, and knew of what he was thinking. He turned away his eyes in distress; they fell on another of the veterans, Blanchard, who was waving at a group of spectators his right hand, swathed in a brilliant bandana. On past Memorial days, when Neal had marched as now, he had been amused by this boastful decoration of the mutilated member, that at other times went unbandaged—Blanchard had lost a thumb in the war. Now Neal noticed it casually, as a trivial thing, heightening the contrast that Blanchard's face, red and bulging with health and unabashed satisfaction, made

beside his father's. And in his heart Neal wondered at the slight effect the most mighty experience might have upon a man. Blanchard had been in the battle with his father, had been under fire, and had seen men slain in their strength; had it done anything for him but enlarge his genial vanity?

Into the cemetery the little procession turned, and the drums were hushed. The sons of the veterans placed the flags about Peter Casey's grave, arranging them two by two, crosswise. Then they sat round on tombstones or on the grass while the doctor told them how Peter Casey had died. He told it every year, but they always asked for the story; he had the art of graphic narrative, and there was something noble in his manner as well as in his memories that appealed to boyish hearts. He was willing to repeat himself in this way, for he thought it was a good story for the children to hear.

When he had finished, and they were sitting in silence, Blanchard said:

"Boys, I'd like to have a few words alone with the Major and Neal. Would you mind waitin' for us down by the gate?"

The little company moved off. Blanchard standing in front of the doctor and Neal, who sat together on the bench by the grave, waved his hand.

"Not one of 'em—not even Casey himself—was the man and soldier you was, Doc," he said in his resonant voice.

The doctor shook his head deprecatingly.

"We all of us wanted to do our duty," he said.

Then his eyes fell under Blanchard's steady gaze.

"You don't mean that; you can't," Blanchard replied. "Neal, I guess I will have to tell you."

"It's not necessary," said the doctor, with his grave face downcast.

"I'm the judge. You know what your father's war record was, Neal, and what it's been since. But there's one thing I guess you have never heard. He'd never seen fight before the charge he was wounded in; neither had I. And when our regiment struck the battle edge and were told we should have a chance to show what we was good for, it made war seem a mighty different thing. I was a natural born coward; I'd enlisted, I guess, because I didn't have the nerve to stay at home when everybody else was goin'; anyhow when I looked out at that open field and thought of chargin' across it, and my place in the front ranks, with a couple of thousand rebels blazin' away at us, and us a perfectly good helpless mark, I turned sick—sick all over. I knew in half an hour I'd be a dead man, and there was just one way to get out of it, and I took it; I was that scared I wasn't afraid of anything but that charge.

"I watched my chance, and when I thought nobody was lookin'—we were strung out in the woods, you know, on the other side of the field from the rebels—I put my thumb to the muzzle of my rifle and pulled the trigger with my foot. I tell you, I can feel that wet spatterin' on my face now. And then I saw your father, Neal, had come up just behind and seen me. 'Don't tell, for God's sake,' I begged him; and then I went to the surgeon instead of to the front. And that's how I was wounded in battle.

"Your father never did tell a soul, not all these years, though I've been paradin' round Decoration Days, bold as brass, with my hand all done up to wave like it was a trophy of war. Funny idea of mine, ain't it?"

He looked out over the slab-encrusted cemetery with considering eyes. There was a bitter bravado in his speech that Neal had never before heard.

"I'll bet, Doc, you never applied for a pension," he remarked.

Doctor Robeson shook his head. Blanchard shook his also, whimsically, at Neal.

"Ain't it funny how much more forehanded some folks are than others? There was your father, his life like to have been cut short on the spot, a sick man ever since, and never knowin' what a bullet in his system was goin' to do—a bullet received in actual combat—and he never drawed a pension; just got back into the fight again. Reckless, wasn't it? And there was me; I knowed when I'd had enough, and I went home and drawed a pension of ten dollars a month till I'd built up a trade that could keep me fair without it. You see, I was more forehanded than your father." Neal was looking at him with a steadfast sympathy; it encouraged him to keep on in the bra-

vado of his speech, which made his story easier for him. "Viewed lib'rally, it seemed about fair. I reasoned that though I had disabled myself, I wouldn't have felt called on to do it if I hadn't enlisted to serve the country. It seemed right the country should owe me something on it. Strictly, I suppose, it was kind of irregular. I was glad to give up the pension when I felt able."

He hesitated; his eyes were fixed respectfully on the doctor, who still sat with bowed head.

"Your father is one kind of man, Neal, and I'm another, considerably lower," he went on. "Don't make the mistake of thinkin' I don't realize it. There's something finer in his blood than in the rest of us hereabouts. And he didn't stop showin' his fineness with the war. In all this time I have never knowed him to refuse a call, if it was six miles down the road in a blizzard, or across the river at flood-time. He has put everyone else first all his life."

Stepping forward, he laid both hands on the doctor's shoulders and looked down into his face.

"And you ain't well now, Doc; you ain't well, are you? And there's something troublin' your mind." The tears were starting from John Blanchard's eyes. "I wonder if I can guess what it is. You ain't been forehanded like me; you've been doin' things all your life for nothin' where another man would have done them for pay; and now, when you're thinking maybe that—that your work is about done, you're wonderin' how this boy here"—and he took one hand from the doctor's shoulder and, laying it on Neal's, stood spanning the father and son—"how this boy here is to keep on in the path you've marked out for him."

The doctor looked up with a gentle smile.

"No, Blanchard," he said. "I'm not worrying about how Neal will get on. That's my great satisfaction; I don't need to worry about him."

"Of course, that's so, too," said Blanchard. "But what I was meaning is this. I understand Neal's going back to New York, and I know things will be a mite slow with him there for a while, and it will take something keeping his end up and all that; and I just thought, in case anything happened, I'd be glad to—to advance money for expenses at either end of the line," he concluded awkwardly.

"Thank you, Blanchard," said the doctor, and if his speech was short, there was emotion in his voice. "I appreciate your kindness—very much. But—you won't feel hurt—it is out of the question."

Blanchard looked dejected.

"I wish't I could do it," he said wistfully. "I hope you understand why, Doctor. It ain't just because of your savin' me from shame, it ain't just as a personal token; I'd do it as representin' what everyone for miles would want to see. For here it is," he went on earnestly; "you was too fine a man to have wasted all your life amongst us poor ignorant hey-rubes; we're that dull here we can't even have interestin' diseases—nothin' ever doin' but indigestions and colds, and now and again maybe a good hard case of lung trouble, or some durned fool will chop his foot with an axe. And Neal is the same kind as you, and he hadn't ought to be let sacrifice himself. We folks here had ought to put up with a second-rater. We've got no call on such as you. And

"'Oh, Neal, I can't help being glad'"

yet, Doc," and Blanchard's voice shook a little, "I don't know how we'd ever get on without you—or somebody that was that much better and higher than the rest of us. When Neal came back here, I thought how nice for the place 'twould be if he could follow in your footsteps. And then I saw that wasn't to be. But we've grown awful fond of him this summer—all the folks has. It'll be a hard blow to Ralston across the river when Neal goes; don't know when I've seen a man chirk up the way Ralston has since Neal's been a-visitin' him. And that's the way all of us'll feel. But he had ought to go; no question about it; and that's why, Doc, I'd like to make it sure."

There was a moment's silence, during which Neal, with his arms folded, studied the ground. Then he looked up at Blanchard.

"It *is* out of the question, Blanchard, as father says," he told him. "But I want to thank you with all my heart for what you've said and for what you want to do."

"Then I suppose that ends it," Blanchard remarked sadly; and after another brief silence they all started for the cemetery gate. There they found Packer and the rest of the little company sitting on a grassy bank by the roadside under a great locust tree.

"Well, Blanchard," Packer grumbled, getting to his feet, "what *have* you found to chew over all this time?"

"Oh, just tellin' Neal one or two stories of the war," Blanchard replied. "Major, don't you think we might have some music going home?"

The doctor nodded. Pete Stilwell and Sam Dowse beat a flurry on their drums, John Robeson blew a twirl on his fife, and then the corps of eight launched out, fife and drum and cymbals, upon a marching tune. So they proceeded down the road; and near the village Miss Neville, driving in her polished, red-wheeled cart, turned into the bushes against the fence and halted to let them pass.

"She was silent while he watched her"

From Jim Casey she had learned the meaning of "Peter Casey's Day"; and now she flushed with a sudden emotion of pity and pride as the feebly-marching leader approached; she flushed with sudden response to the spirit of the crude music, to the waving of the bright new flag, and to the marching of the dusty men. And she sat up straight, smiling a little, holding the reins tightly and the whip in the attitude of salute, and with a salute in her blue eyes. Doctor Robeson, as he passed, raised his hat; the four other old soldiers raised their hats; the fife and drum corps went suddenly madly off the key.

That evening Neal wrote a letter to Doctor Westgate. After he had sealed it, he went to his mother and told her what he had done.

"You're going to stay here!" she echoed him. "Not going back to New York!" She was silent for a moment, and then she put her arm around his waist. "Oh, Neal," she said, "I can't help being glad. But I would never have asked it of you, my dear boy. I hope—perhaps sometime you can do what we all had hoped," she added wistfully.

"Oh, yes, that will come," he answered cheerfully, though he knew it never would. He could not abandon his family on less than a thousand a year while he adventured alone for a living in New York. And having taken the step which shut off his prospects, he was contented. If even a few poor and humble people could some time come to look upon him as they looked upon his father, he would have done enough with life.

CHAPTER X

Afternoon and Night; and then the Morning

"I SHALL be in Rehoboth to-morrow afternoon, and I must see you."

The line was from Lindsay Neville at Avalon. Eleanor read it with a calm face.

She rose and laid the note on her desk calmly, but her heart was beating hard. To-morrow afternoon!—why, that was now this afternoon! And he *must* see her! Reading of him with excitement in the newspapers, she had had the feeling that whatever lay in the path of his will must succumb; he was the indomitable man. And now her heart was throbbing to the unuttered frightened cry, "Can it be—am I—within his will?"

She got out the newspapers of the past week which she had preserved, and read again the reports of Lindsay Neville's campaign.

When she had last seen him, he had been no more than an ordinary man; now in less than a week he was a popular hero. She wondered if in face or voice or manner he might show the change.

To see her the popular hero was giving up hours when minutes counted.

Mayor, Congressman, Governor, Senator, higher still, perhaps. With his ability and wealth it would be merely a step from one office to another. It would be a brilliant career for a woman to share, and she did not distrust her own capacity.

Finding herself thus building castles, she thought, "I am foolish to suppose he is coming for this." Yet instantly the question rose, "If not for this, for what?" She had wondered, sometimes, if his interest in her had not been more than neighborly. And the brief, decisive note was the most pregnant intimation.

He came late in the afternoon, and at his first words she knew that he had come for her.

"I want you to take a walk with me—back in the hills, through the woods and fields—anywhere," he said.

The strain of his hard week had not robbed him of his buoyancy.

"You can escape for a walk in the country at this time?" she asked.

"For this walk—yes," he told her. "Besides—I had to come to reassure my family; each moment of each day they are wondering if I have yet been assassinated. These newspapers—" he made a sweeping gesture of disgust.

"I have been reading about you in them," she said. "You are carrying everything before you."

"I am going to win." He spoke with a confidence that recognized no other possibility, and that again imposed him on her as a man who might be overwhelming, terribly invincible—the kind of man that in his absence and picturesque stress she had begun wrongly to imagine him. Yet when she looked at him and saw the beaming youth in his eyes, he showed no rough and formidable aspect. It is not such men, she thought, that women come to, shuddering.

She looked ahead, not at him, as she walked. And what she felt was, "All that he has and is to be is mine." And when for a moment she glanced towards him, she was still full of this feeling and joyous with it; so occupied with the joyousness of it that even when she met the look of his eyes, she did not once dwell on the thought, "All that he *is* is mine."

They turned into a grassy woods path, now strewn with fallen leaves. Maple and ash blazed along their way, and the path wound until they seemed enclosed, with no outlet, in an enchanted colored forest. Lindsay Neville took off his hat and swung it in his hand.

"I love you," he said, looking down at the pink cheek which was now all that she

turned towards him. "I came to tell you —I took you out here to tell you. Eleanor, do you love me?"

She was silent while he watched her.

"Or if you don't, can't you—won't you?" he asked with a smile.

"But I do!" she cried, and turned her eyes towards his.

"Ah!" Something in the exclamation startled her. He seized her in his arms and kissed her, and she shrank in his arms at the warm human passion of his embrace and of his lips against hers. In all the tremulous, excited joy of anticipation, this had not entered, and she knew, and shrank again from the knowledge that he felt something that she did not, but that she must come to feel.

He had not been conscious of any withholding, and now, with his arm about her waist, still carrying his hat in his hand, he talked to her, robustly happy, gazing all the while at her with gay and sparkling eyes.

"We shall have the wedding—when? It's your prerogative—but it must be between the fifth of November and the first of January—between the election and the inauguration. We shall have a hurried honeymoon—I am sorry for that. But more of them—many of them—later."

"So soon!" Her voice echoed dismay.

"The sooner the better; we shall have more time for our honeymoon."

"Yes, but—so great a change—so soon! Well——"

"You resign yourself!" He laughed and pressed her waist.

"You—you have not told me why you love me," she ventured.

"Beast that I am!" he execrated himself. "Not to have sung your praises! Because you have a quick brain and a kind heart; because you have blue eyes and light eyebrows and golden hair; because you have fought your lonely fight so cheerfully; because you are a doughty, spry little creature; because your voice chimes somehow to mine; because you have this little waist—and this hand—and these lips—because you are *you*, Eleanor," he finished radiantly.

"They seem such flippant reasons," she protested.

"Flippant! On my soul, they are all sound, solemn, weighty reasons—any one of them reason enough—all of them together a mighty flood of reasons—that not even the sturdy, doughty little creature can stand against."

"But you must have known so many other girls," she wavered.

"There are no other girls," he asserted ferociously. "There are females—millions and millions of female human beings—but you are the only real, true, ideal girl."

She could not respond to his impulsive ardor, but he read her silence as contentment. And strolling back through the woods with his arm about her waist, he told her of the house that he had had in mind in Avalon, where he might make a home for her—on a street facing the park, with a little lawn and a maple before it and ivy climbing its bay windows; because she was going to the city, she was not to lose her view of grass and trees. He regretted humorously the absence of a derrick. Would she not come up with him the next morning and inspect the house—other houses? He would leave the choice to her.

No, she said, they must go together; yes, she could accompany him to-morrow—if he really thought the wedding must come so soon. As she harked back to this, the conditional clause, hesitatingly uttered, had a beseeching note. He laughed, and echoed unyieldingly, "So soon! I would name to-morrow!"

At this she shook her head decisively.

"It would be bad policy for you to get married so abruptly—rashly, in the midst of your campaign."

He acknowledged her wisdom.

"Already a sage counsellor," he said, pressing her waist.

She had an impulse to disengage herself and check his fondling of her; his repeated demonstrations, with his arm always about her waist, were distasteful; she felt vaguely, too, that by them he was humiliating himself, displaying an unmasculine softness. "But you love him; therefore it is your duty to give yourself up to him," her inward voice reminded her. "Besides, he will not always act like this."

So she did not oppose his displays of affection; she submitted herself to them—conscientiously—yet with a sense of oppression at each embrace and the impulse of a drowning person to struggle.

They came out of the woods, and he walked with her more discreetly.

"This evening I must spend with some politicians who are coming down from Avalon," he said, as he stood with her at her doorstep. "But to-morrow morning —you will be ready to go up with me, house-hunting?"

"Yes."

"Then, till the morning," and he gave her a farewell kiss—three kisses—and embrace.

It was done with an incautious openness; and she turned a quick, alarmed glance up the road; no one was in sight.

"Don't tell any one till—till you see me again," she said as he was leaving.

"Not even my family?"

"No." She shook her head. "I—I'd rather feel more—more settled about it first."

"Oh, the house and everything. Well just as you say—though I'd meant to spring it on them to-night."

"No, please don't."

He promised, with a delight in making small concessions to her, and with a kindly amusement at her unreasonableness. To defer announcing the engagement till the house they were to live in was chosen seemed to him an entertaining bit of inconsequence.

"She remembered that on a night not long before she had stolen to this window"

Eleanor went about her task of getting supper, outwardly and methodically intent, inwardly with a mind abstracted and confused. It puzzled her that she was not rapturously happy; it depressed her to feel she had no capacity beyond that of calm contentment. Then she doubted if she had even this; certainly the discovery that she could not respond to what was so strong an element of Lindsay's love was making her dissatisfied.

She was setting the table in a mindless way when Wilbur rushed in from outside.

"O Eleanor," he cried, "the big steel drilling thing broke off and dropped down the hole. Right while I was watching it. And Mr. Braddish got awful mad and swore, and Mr. McGuire swore and Bessie Robeson was there with me looking on."

"When was this?" asked Eleanor.

"Only a little while ago. And Mr. Braddish said there was a two-weeks' fishing job most likely, and they'd just have to get the tools up, because he wasn't going to drill through them and lose them. So they hitched a thing on to the steel rope that will sort of grab anything it settles down over—I couldn't see just how it worked—and then let it down and

began running the engine first fast and then slow, trying both ways to get a grip on the tools."

"It's too bad such a thing should happen," Eleanor said absently. "I hope it won't mean much loss to them." Then a thought occurred to her, and she turned from the table towards Wilbur: "Did—did you see me out walking, Wilbur? I went by along the road a little while ago."

"No, I didn't see you," the boy answered. "I was in the derrick watching them all the time."

"How did Bessie happen to be with you?"

"She came over here, and I invited her."

"And she was in the derrick all the time, too, and didn't see me go by on the road?"

"Yes, I guess so; didn't speak of seeing you anyway. Why?"

"Oh, nothing." And Eleanor knew there was no reason why she should fear having been seen. The announcement of the engagement was to come immediately. Yet somehow the thought that she might have been observed as Lindsay stood at the door-step kissing her, with his arm about her waist, had given her a sudden terror, akin to the shrinking, the sense of oppression, the impulse to struggle, with which she had submitted. Then, with the passing of this fear, she was stricken with a new dread: could it be that she was in some way unnatural, so to shrink in the arms of the man she loved?

That night she lay awake and heard the faint throbbing of the engine, and saw from her bedroom window the three torches hung upon the derrick flaring redly. Occasionally when a sudden burr of the engine, as its speed was quickened, caught her attention, she thought compassionately of the men groping night and lay for the tools lying at the bottom of the hole. She, too, was sleepless and groping. Where was that joy and splendor of love thrilling through her veins to which she had looked forward? She had gained all she had been hoping for, only to find that the essence of all was lacking. Lindsay felt something for her that she could not bring herself to feel for him; and passiveness, with the shudder suppressed, was not love. She remembered thinking before he had spoken that he was not a man that a woman need go to with a shudder. This, as she now reviewed it, was mere apology for the insincerity she was about to commit. There was nothing definitely repulsive about his person; but she *had* gone to him shuddering. His corpulence and baldness, which she could not remember having found repugnant before,—she had conceived for them since the afternoon distaste. The pressure of his lips against her cheek—she wished to brush away the memory, so unpleasantly distinct. She began to realize that she had thought of him only in the abstract, admiring him for moral and intellectual virtues and prompted in this admiration perhaps by baser, selfish motives—she applied the scourge; when he had shown warmth, she had been chilled.

The thought that she must be in some way unnatural, incapable of feeling the human part of love, and therefore of ever learning the divine, returned to distress her. And finding that she could not sleep, and grew more restless and disturbed in spirit as she lay awake, she rose and went to the window.

The night was dark and overcast, and the outline of the derrick loomed faintly; the thumping of the engine seemed nearer than the object itself. The unsteady light from the three flickering torches lapped the plank walk and the shed roofs, and leaped out to melt upon the dim shadow of the field. This field, lying dark and empty below her, had a strangely intimate aspect, in which there was a suggestion of assistance for her desperate mood if she could but find the key. And, gazing down, she remembered that on a night not long before she had stolen to this window to look timorously out into this field—on a night dark and damp like this. Now the key to the friendly suggestion was in her hands; and she gazed at the spot where, that night, with the sudden deadening of her heart she had dimly seen a man lying motionless, with two others bending over him.

And then, with a rush that left no space for intervening thoughts and emotions, she was at his side, with her hands under his head, feeling its lifeless weight and the soft curls of his hair. She knew now there had gone through her a throb of passionate warmth for him lifeless; she

remembered now how she had walked, supporting his head with her hand; and she felt now the tingle of her finger-tips pushed down and buried in his hair. At the time, all this had been without meaning; now, by the aid of what the afternoon and evening had taught her, she was able to translate it—to translate this and many other things. Her mind bounded back, eager as a hound upon a new trail; she remembered how, when Neal had held her hand and made his vow of achievement to her, she had had the same emotion of the finger-tips, the same blood-warming of the palm.

There was more than this now; there was the blood-warming of her whole body. She was not unnatural: she could know the human heart of love, and therefore the divine.

And clearly now she understood the cause of her shrinking from Lindsay Neville; it was the instinct of nature warning her against one whom, though he was not at all abhorrent, she did not love.

When the morning dawned, she had not slept, and she sat at the window reading by the early light until it was time for her to go downstairs and begin preparations for breakfast. As soon as the meal was over, she conceived an errand for Wilbur, and sent him down the road to Blanchard's store. Then, with a sudden nervousness, she ran to a mirror; she wondered that she should not look more haggard.

Sitting on the door-step, she waited and watched for Lindsay Neville. Soon she saw him emerge from behind the thicket of maples where the road made a turn; he approached at a rapid pace, and when he saw her, he snatched off his hat and flourished it boyishly. The salute made her sick at heart; she had not realized that it would be so bad as this.

"Good-morning, Girl," he cried as he came near. "All ready and waiting for me?"

"O Lindsay!" she answered him with a breaking voice, and then stopped to control herself. He stood before her, looking down with amazement and alarm. "I—I must not ever call you Lindsay any more."

"Why not?" he demanded blankly.

"Because—oh, it was wrong, so wicked of me yesterday afternoon; I was carried away by the thought—when you offered me the chance—everything—oh, can't you see how it was—what a temptation it was? I thought I loved you—because I admired you—but when you took me in your arms—I knew, I knew!"

"he strode away up the road"

"That—you didn't?"

She nodded, feeling under the gentleness of his voice and eyes a fresh excess of wretchedness.

"I—I couldn't feel what you felt—instead of answering it, I—I wanted to cry out."

"You wanted to cry out when I held you in my arms," he said slowly. "Am I so terrible? We have the same kind of

thoughts and aspirations, you and I—or I have read you wrong. It's part of being a girl, my dear; if you would only trust me—the feeling will come."

"Never. It only became clear to me while I lay awake last night," she told him in wistful self-defence. "What passed between us yesterday—it explained to me something I had not understood before about my feeling for another man. I can't explain this to you," she added hopelessly, "but it is true. And out of all my respect and admiration and liking for you, I know now that I can never build up love."

"Then," said Neville, putting out his hand and taking hers, "I hope that the love of the other man may prosper."

"It is not love for him either," she answered. "It is just—just that which I cannot feel for you."

"But out of which you may build up love."

"No," she said slowly. "No. For now that I have had this moment of your love, I shall never be satisfied with that of a man who is less than you. And he *is* less. Besides, to think that that feeling is more fundamental than all the rest—I am not willing to—to demonstrate that. No—I shall never marry."

"I am twice sorry for the poor devil that suffers by comparison with me," Neville said whimsically.

There was a moment during which they gazed at each other, both of them loath for the parting that meant the ultimate relinquishment.

"I hope your faith in your success at Avalon will not be shaken by—by my disappointing you here," Eleanor said.

"My faith in nothing has been shaken—neither in my success nor in women—least of all in you, Eleanor—God bless you."

Again he took her hand, to say good-by, and with a sudden impulse bent over it and kissed it. Then he strode away up the road, in the direction of the city and success, and the girl went into the house and wept because she could not love him.

CHAPTER XI

Wise In Her Own Conceit

BRADDISH had come to fill his water-jug at Eleanor's well, and had lingered to talk with her. From the information that he gave, it appeared that a fishing job usually demoralized the men; the work was tedious and monotonous, and it was not "get-ahead" work; it was the time when a boss driller was likely to have trouble curbing restless and reckless spirits.

"If it lasts much longer, I will have to get a tight grip on McGuire," Braddish said. "A man like him just cries for whiskey when he's up against a fishin' job."

The period when the human brute is preparing for an eruption is the most interesting time for studying him, from a woman's point of view. And out of the dullness into which she had sunk since the morning when she had said farewell to Lindsay Neville, Eleanor welcomed an opportunity to do good. Her timely appearance might be of moral support to Braddish; it might be as water to the seeds of righteousness which he was planting in McGuire.

That afternoon she proceeded to the derrick.

She arranged a bright, cheerful expression on her face; her blue eyes were alert, as always, her steps were tripping, her little chin pointed straight; she had the look of one who goes forth to reclaim souls and will begin with, "My good man." It was her least amiable and attractive expression; but this was almost the last time that it was ever to be worn.

Braddish was alone, and welcomed her. He stood at the "headache post," with his hand on the derrick wheel, racing the engine; he apologized for not being able to move.

"We're just on the edge of grapplin' them tools," he explained. "I can feel the thing grippin' 'em a little every time, but she always slides off. I'll bet we'll yank 'em out inside half an hour."

"I hope you will," said Eleanor. "After what you told me yesterday, I suppose it will be lifting a great weight off your mind."

"It will be lifting a great weight out of the hole," Braddish responded jocularly. "Now, then!"—his face became suddenly intent—"I'm gettin' more of a nibble every time. Arty!" he shouted in the direction of the engine-house. "Arty, come here!"

McGuire came running along the plank

"'*Did you mean that?*'"

walk. When he entered the derrick and saw Eleanor, he almost backed out again in embarrassment; he jerked his head downward once in reply to her greeting, and then let his eyes rest on the floor.

"You want to make a better bow to Miss Craig than that," Braddish told him, with a half-suppressed elation in his voice. "For she's brought us good luck. I've got the tools, Arty."

"The h—l—" McGuire began explosively, and clapped a remembering hand over his mouth. Then he retreated into a corner and watched quietly as the muddy cable ascended out of the hole. At last the grappler appeared, holding in its clutch the steel bit.

"Mebbe you will lead a cheer, Miss Craig," Braddish suggested. "I tell you, that makes me feel good. I didn't know but what we'd be hung up for two weeks. Make her fast, Arty;" and McGuire swung the grappler to the hook at one side of the derrick and then released the bit.

"And that is where it broke off?" said Eleanor, coming up to the bit and putting her finger on the ragged edge of the thread.

"Right there; yes," answered McGuire, putting his finger on the spot beside hers. And turning away, he filliped her finger clumsily.

She looked up, hot with anger.

"Did you mean that?" she demanded, and Braddish, staring, let the match he had struck burn out without lighting his pipe.

"No'm, I didn't go to touch you," McGuire said, and with his abjectness of manner there was also a hint of defiance as he added, "I wasn't meanin' no harm."

"Did he dare to touch you, Miss Craig?" asked Braddish.

"I am willing to consider it an accident," she replied stiffly.

Braddish stepped across the floor and seized McGuire by the collar of his flannel shirt.

"Now, then," he said in a menacing voice, "you just explain yourself."

McGuire stood passive and sullen.

"I didn't go to do nothin'," he said presently. "I just wanted to touch her hand. Sometimes I feel like it would do me good to touch a woman's hand."

Eleanor's heart flowed out in generous forgiveness.

"If that is all," she said. "Please let him go, Mr. Braddish; I'm quite satisfied."

The missionary-minded are often vulnerable in their conceit, and now Eleanor's soul swelled with rejoicing. She had indeed evoked the spiritual in the brute; if she had this power, what need was there of marrying? A dim future lay before her, in which she saw herself going about doing good. Not in a nun's veil—her mission should be broadly spiritual, like any woman's—it should not be attenuated to the merely religious.

She had an impulse to make things right with the pathetically humble, clumsy man—brute no longer. If a finger meant so much—she held out her hand.

"There," she said. "I'm sorry I misunderstood."

He took the hand and squeezed it sheepishly.

Braddish released his hold on McGuire's collar.

"It seems to be all right," he said. "But just remember, Arty, when you're dealin' with ladies, it's always well to make your intentions plain. Ain't that so, Miss Craig?"

"Are you nearly down to oil now?" she asked after a moment.

"Pretty near; within two or three weeks," Braddish replied. "I guess, after the churnin' up and down we've done the last two days, we might celebrate hookin' them tools. This is Saturday afternoon; Arty, I guess I'll give you and the boys a lay-off over Sunday. I don't know as you will see us at church, Miss Craig. We ain't much on that."

"You have so few Sundays off," she answered tolerantly. "If you should care to come round, I should be glad to see you and the other men in the afternoon."

The civilizing purpose was taking an aggressive lodgment in her mind. She was sorry when Braddish replied that the others would probably go up to Avalon for the day, but that he would be glad to come; he was not so conspicuously material for a refining influence to work upon. She would have preferred the rough, untutored McGuire; Braddish too nearly approached the gentleman.

"Was you going to Miss Packer's party to-night?" he asked her.

She replied that she was not, and he said he was sorry. "I thought some of lookin' in on it," he added.

When she had gone, McGuire turned to his chief for approval.

"You done well, Arty," Braddish assured him. "That was a good one about touchin' her finger so as to be made a better man. That was an A-number-one shot, that was. Blamed if I don't believe you've got a brain of some kind stowed away behind that monkey face of yours. But say," and his manner took on sternness, "don't try any more of that fondlin' act; once is enough for you. I'll do all of that that's necessary myself; when the time comes, I'll square things up with you somehow—you'll get your pay—but this case is my partic'lar, mind that."

"All right," said McGuire. "Say, what's all that about your goin' to a party to-night?"

"Straight," Braddish answered.

"Packer? Ain't that the name of the girl the little doctor took away from you?"

"Don't put it that way," Braddish said, with a black look. "But that's the girl."

"You've got another now; what do you want with her?"

"I ain't got either of 'em yet," Braddish responded viciously. "And in some ways Sally's all right, and I ain't ready to let her go."

"Did she ask you to the party?"

"No, she didn't. Sipe heard of it and told me."

"They'll throw you out if you wasn't asked."

"I guess I will have a look in."

"And then what will you do?"

"If it seems necessary, I guess mebbe I will raise a little hell."

"Say, take me along!" entreated McGuire. "We'll stack up against some whiskey, and if they try to throw us out——"

"No, you don't," Braddish checked him sharply. "I'm playin' a lone hand here. I'll stack up against some whiskey to begin with, for it's good for raisin' a

little hell; but that I will raise alone, and in my own way."

McGuire subsided, and after a pause Braddish went on:

"I've been pretty still since I've been on this job, ain't I? Well, I ain't ready to break altogether loose just yet. I don't want to do nothin' that might make trouble for us before we get all there is comin' to us out of this hole. That's why I shall mebbe raise only a *little* hell to-night. That's why I ain't yet took steps against the scut that made trouble for me with my girl. But say—he ain't been seen hangin' round the lady down here lately, has he?"

McGuire shook his head.

"Donovan and O'Brien ain't seen him. I asked 'em to keep a lookout while they're on tower. I've kept a lookout. Now what does that mean—when he used to be chasin' her up every day?"

"She turned him down?" inquired McGuire sagaciously.

"Well, if she did, Arty, I wouldn't wonder but what I might have had a hand in it," Braddish replied, his vanity making him oracular. "And you might think I'd be satisfied with that. But I have never been called a quitter."

That in some sense he justified this boast he showed by insisting on McGuire's remaining to put everything in order before breaking off for the holiday. And he did his own share of the work. Together they raked out the fire under the boiler, stored the tools in the corners of the rig, and then walked up the road.

(To be continued)

WHO WAS HER KEEPER?

BY MARY APPLEWHITE BACON

Not many descriptive articles could throw so much light upon child labor in the South as this little story. The author, Miss Bacon, is a native of Georgia and is thoroughly familiar with the conditions she has here described. In addition to making a recent careful investigation of a number of mills, to which she was afforded the freest access, she taught for four years in a mill town, where she had many factory children under her instruction.—THE EDITOR.

I

EARLY as it was when the young teacher reached the little country schoolhouse, some of the pupils were there before her—the Tilleys, who, living three miles beyond the creek, maintained with jealous zeal their distinction of always being the first to arrive, a girl of twelve whose morning it was to sweep, and a tall youth, who, in a corner by himself, was ciphering diligently on his slate, oblivious to what was going on around him. Along the red road, which the house fronted, other groups appeared at intervals, barefoot for the most part, and plainly clad, the little tin dinner pail or the home-made basket as much in evidence as spelling books and readers.

It was "laying by" time for corn and cotton; the three-months' free term had begun, and the number of pupils had suddenly gone up from fifteen to fifty. Their attainments were so unequal, and the books they brought varied so in date and authorship, that, many and long as were the hours of the hot July days, Lucy Dow found it hard to hear all the classes, and impossible to keep always profitably employed these children, with whom a few weeks of schooling had to go so far. She had hardly learned all their names yet, but she recognized this morning two new faces, and was struck by something unusual in both.

The boy, two or three years the elder, was holding on to his little sister in an excess of fear; but her clear brown eyes, lifted from the limp ruffles of the faded pink sunbonnet, had never looked upon anything not a wonder and a delight, and they had in them now a consciousness of

the importance of this hour and its promise of unimagined good that was as comical as it was charming.

She told the teacher—the boy could not be induced to speak—that she had been waiting for herself to get six years old, and this having occurred the Saturday before, her father had gone to town and bought her a book to come to school with, which Nathan was to use too. She produced it from a brown homespun satchel—a blue-backed speller, to the child a treasure so miraculous that if handled carelessly it might vanish into thin air.

"There's a b c's in it," she explained gravely, "but we don't know 'em yet"—including Nathan in her words, as she did always in every thought of herself—"we're goin' to learn 'em from you."

The narrow pine benches were already crowded, and Lucy let the two children sit on the edge of the low platform which held her own table and chair. If little Cassie had been sophisticated enough ever to plan for herself it would have been the place above all others that she would have chosen; as it was, she accepted its facilities with deep content, without apprehending that they or her use of them were unusual.

At first she was too much dazzled in this Eden, presided over by its gentle-voiced angel, to concentrate her mind on discovering how one letter differed from another in shape or sound; but by the third day she had grasped what was expected of her, and began forthwith to learn with a surprising quickness. Nathan in his timidity would have been left far behind, except that whatever he failed to learn at the teacher's knee she taught him herself, with glowing zeal, when they had slipped back to their places at the rear of the little platform.

She soon discovered that other pupils were studying the same book as herself, but were farther on in it. "Where is what they are saying?" she would whisper, creeping to Lucy Dow's side; and Lucy, putting an arm around her, would point to each word as it was spelled or line read, the child following with an absolute attention that missed nothing, whether understood or not. So it happened that, learning in a half dozen different places in the book at once, she was soon able to read; but whatever she acquired one day, Nathan was sure to know also by the next, his sensitive face flushing whenever he was called on to recite, and she watching him with a lovely smile of triumph.

One day, when the other pupils had gone, Cassie lingered, a great purpose in her face, which was reflected upon Nathan's. The sound of talk and laughter coming in from the red road hardly seemed to affect the sudden stillness that possessed the little schoolhouse. Cassie helped in her quick way to put to rights the disorder of the day's work, and then at last, catching at the white muslin apron which Lucy wore tidily in the schoolroom, and pressing it against her little pink cheek, preferred her request.

"I want you to go home with me—and see Ma—and all of 'em," she whispered, her brown eyes all affection and desire.

Lucy looked at the clock on her table. "It is nearly six o'clock now, Cassie, and you live—how far?—more than a mile from the crossroads you told me. I could not go and get back before it was dark. How will next Saturday do? If I come then, I can leave Mrs. Miller's soon after dinner and have a long time to stay with you."

The brown eyes expressed their satisfaction.

Nathan for once escaped from his shyness. "We'll come up to the crossroads to meet you," he said; "there's a tall persimmon tree there, and we'll be under it waiting for you."

They were there as he had promised, and she went back with them, the last of the way over a rocky field planted in cotton that was much overgrown with grass. The log house stood out in the field—one large room, a shed in the rear, and a rough porch in front. A few morning-glory vines made a slight shade from the afternoon sun, and two or three stalks of prince's feather were growing in the hard, sun-baked soil before the door with admirable courage.

The whole family were at the house to do honor to their visitor. There were two girls of ten or twelve, a boy nearly grown, and three round, ruddy children younger than Cassie, looking all about the same age. The father had in his face that dull submission wrought by the monotony of poverty and of ignorance long united; the

mother, as worn physically, seemed to have still retained something of a natural vigor and hopefulness.

"Have you been living long at this place, Mr. Purvis?" Lucy asked, finding a conversation which was largely interrogative on her part somewhat difficult.

"I come here last Christmas from over 'bout Candler's Creek," he said, "but I ain't had any better luck here than I had at the other places I've tried."

"He's sick a heap," his wife explained; "that's why we're so much in the grass. The child'n can't do much without him. We've got a right good crop o' corn, if it don't take it all to pay us out."

"Farmin's pore business when a body ain't got nothin' to start with," Purvis said.

"It must be," Lucy assented with sympathy. "But the children can help you more as they get older. Couldn't you have sent Jane and Missouri to school some this summer?" she added, her heart tender to the two girls as they sat there regarding her with fixed, unexpressive faces.

"They didn't seem to keer about it," Mrs. Purvis said. "Their Pa and me couldn't give 'em any start at learnin', and they didn't want to go not knowin' anything at all. Cassie there and Nathan they seem to take to their book sorter natchurl."

"Cassie takes to ev'ything natchurl," Purvis said. "She's been smart ever since she was a baby." The pride in his face was like a lighted candle. This small flower was the one blossom which redeemed for him the gray desert plains of life.

"I shan't teach here again next year," Lucy said when she arose to leave, "and here is something for Cassie to remember me by when I am gone." She laid a pasteboard box that held a wax doll, fine in white muslin and blue ribbons, in the little girl's lap.

If, instead, she had presented Mr. Purvis with a deed to a house and farm, the immediate effect upon the family would have been less striking. They gathered around the child as she held up the beautiful marvel, with a naïve interest and delight; but in a few minutes the instinct of parenthood had asserted itself.

"She never needed nothin' to make her remember you," Mrs. Purvis said, her hard, lined face tender with feeling; "but she'll thank you for this, and I will, too, long after you've forgot you ever give it to her."

As for Cassie, there was as yet no space in her baby heart for any conscious obligation. She was holding the doll out at arm's length and bringing it back to her breast with a beatification in look and gesture which the young teacher was wont to regard afterwards as the most exquisite expression of joy that she had ever seen.

With the dry heat of September cotton opened rapidly and the children began dropping out of school before even the brief three-months' term was ended. "But I'm going to come till the very last day," Cassie declared, clinging now, not to the white muslin apron, but to Lucy's slim white hand, and pressing it against her little round pink cheek; "Nathan and I both"—she had picked up a part of her teacher's English—"Ma said we might."

But when the last Monday of the session came, Cassie and Nathan were not there. On Wednesday Lucy went to see what was wrong. The little cabin was shut, and the place looked deserted; but presently she saw at the farther end of the cotton field Floyd Purvis and his sister Missouri. They had seen her and were coming to the house.

"Pa and all of 'em moved away day befo' yestiddy," the lad told her. "A man come here last week from the cotton fact'ry up in Chester lookin' for hands, and Pa decided all of a sudden to go. The man's promised to let us have a good house to live in, painted white, with three rooms in it. And we can ev'ry one get work, that will pay us cash money ev'ry Saddy night. Me and Missouri staid behind to finish getherin' the crop, and then we're goin' too."

Lucy was silent. These few lives, bound to no one spot by any social ties or by the possession of even a few feet of land, where land was so abundant—what was to be their destiny? And what the destiny of the little child, the first unfoldings of whose life were so full of promise?

The boy pushed open the cabin door and went in. "Cassie took on powerful because she didn't get to see you no mo'," he said, "and she charged me to give you these flowers and that little box there,

and to tell you she wasn't never goin' to forget you forever."

He took from a broken earthenware cup a drooping bunch of the red prince's feather that had been growing in the yard, and handed it to her, with a little dingy pasteboard box that had held some kind of medicinal powders. She did not open the box till she was by herself on the lonely country road. Inside was a minute curl of flaxen hair, which she recognized as having been cut from the wax doll's beloved head.

II

Two years afterwards Lucy Dow was visiting a friend in Chester, and one of her first thoughts was to find the Purvises and learn what had become of Nathan and Cassie. She went first to the mills, reaching there shortly before the half-hour intermission at noon. The throbbing of machinery, the flying wheels, the ceaseless repetition of the same noises made her dizzy, and she was glad when the tour of inspection was over. She had recognized among the operatives the two older Purvis girls and their father; but they had not looked up from their work, and she waited outside to speak to them.

"I can't work reg'lar," Purvis told her, "and I ain't a good hand and don't make but forty cents a day. Jane and Missouri get fifty, but we all have to lay off for sickess more'n we want to."

"How many hours do you work in the week?" Lucy asked.

"Well, we go in at six and come out at half-past six, with half an hour at dinner. I never counted it up to see how many that makes in a week. A right smart I reckon."

Lucy looked at the two girls, sallow-faced and apparently no taller than when she had seen them two years before. "I am glad to see that you do not let Nathan and Cassie work in the mill," she said; "but I had not supposed that you would."

The man's eyes fell. "Well, Cassie did work in it till here lately, when she was took sick," he said. "You know how she always has been about not lettin' anybody go ahead of her. She went on the night force a little more than a year ago."

"The night force—what do you mean by that?"

"The comp'ny's been runnin' the mill at night as well as in the day sence last September was a year," he explained, "and they don't generly let all of a fam'ly have day work. The foreman was opposed to Cassie workin' at night, but Floyd and Nathan was put on, and she wouldn't hear to Nathan goin' without she did, too."

"And how many hours of night work are required?" she asked faintly.

A young man who was near enough to hear the question answered it. "Sixty-six, ma'am; but there's been some talk in one of the papers that it oughtn't to be but sixty."

"Sixty-six hours of night work for a child of seven!" Lucy felt as she had felt when the noise of the factory was beating upon her ears. "And you say Cassie has been sick?" she asked almost mechanically, too shocked to know that she was speaking at all.

"Yes'm, she's been right bad off," he answered, speaking of her condition with that pitiful euphemism common when misfortune has become the one certainty of daily existence. "Our house is in the very last row," he added, as she turned away. "You'll know it by its bein' next to one with a little tree in front of it. And there's a wooden box on our front step, with some sort of flowers growin' in it that was Cassie's."

Lucy made her way to the dusty level, where row after row of cottages stood, all alike and nearly all equally bare of any suggestion of homelikeness or of individual taste and pride. It was easy to find the one occupied by the Purvises. The "tree" was a sufficient guide, and, when she got nearer, the box on the steps holding Cassie's little bunch of heartsease. Several little children were playing in a back yard, and a girl of five or six was pushing a baby in a home-made wagon of rough pine.

Lucy went up the steps and stood for a moment at the open door without knocking. The warm October sunshine poured into the narrow hall. Floyd Purvis was lying on a lounge asleep. In the room on the right his mother was mending a coarse garment, beside a child's bed. Lucy entered softly and went up to her side. "Do you remember me, Mrs. Purvis?" she said.

The woman's furrowed yellow face brightened. "I reckon I do remember you," she said heartily, "and there ain't nobody in this whole world that I'd ruther see. How come you to be here, and how've you been gettin' along?" she asked.

"I was visiting an old schoolmate over in Chester, and I am very well," Lucy said, noting unconsciously the new lines on the woman's face. "But I don't want to talk about myself. I want to know how things have been going with you." She saw that the little figure on the bed was her former pupil, but she could not speak of her yet.

"Well, I reckon we've done tolerble well," Mrs. Purvis said with fine reticence. She would not give pain to Cassie's friend. "Maybe not as well as he expected we would"—she always spoke of her husband as "he"—"but we've made out to live. I reckon you noticed the new baby out in the yard, and saw how the other little ones had growed."

"Yes, I saw them. Mrs. Purvis, isn't that little Nathan over there on the bed in the corner?"

The light shone full upon him through the blindless window, and flies were crawling over his little thin face and hands, but his sleep of exhaustion was not easily broken.

"He ain't lookin' so well sence he's been one o' the night hands," his mother said; "but he's a good worker and gets good wages, to be as little as he is."

"And did he and Cassie keep on trying to learn? Have they been to school any since you moved here?"

Mrs. Purvis shook her head. "There was a night school when we first came here. The lady that taught it come to see us, and got Jane and Missouri to go to it for a while—she did not take any as little as Cassie—but they was too tired to learn, and went to sleep over their book. The comp'ny's started a day school this year, and some o' the child'n gets to go to it; mine never has." She looked down at the little figure before her. "That was the only thing that ever made Cassie sorter worry about doin' night work. When the school started, it looked like she was just obleeged to go. Of course she couldn't after she'd worked all night. Her Pa tried his best to get her to quit, but we couldn't spare what Nathan was makin', and she wouldn't hear to quittin' without he could too. We had a heap o' sickness all the winter and spring, and it throwed us might'ly behind."

Lucy Dow went to the bed and touched gently the soft light hair that lay tangled on the blue veins of the child's forehead. She stirred a little, and her mother leaned forward and tried to attract her attention. "Cassie, honey, here's Miss Lucy come to see you," she said. "Don't you remember Miss Lucy?" The brown eyes were wide open now, but there was no look of recognition in them.

"It seems like her mind's done give way for now better'n two weeks," Mrs. Purvis said in a patient acquiescence in what was hopeless. 'I could see befo' she had that spell in the mill that she warn't exactly like herself. It looked like she had sorter quit keerin' for things, even for the baby. And she give up tendin' to them little heartsease she'd been so proud of. She didn't seem to have but jus' one idea, and that was to keep on goin' to the mill. And one night about twelve o'clock she fell in the spinnin' room, where she was tyin' the broken threads. The boss on that flo' found her and thought she had jus' gone to sleep, and throwed water in her face like he'd been a-doin' when the other child'n would fall asleep; but she didn't wake up, and she never did come to till they'd got her home and fetched a doctor. She ain't never been up sence."

"Don't you know me, Cassie darling! Don't you know Miss Lucy?" the child's friend said, her tears dropping on the coarse sheets as she bent over the bed. She felt gently for the little hands, that she might take them once more in hers, but they seemed to be clasping something tightly under the cover. Was that the figure of a doll whose outlines showed upon the little breast? Lucy lifted her eyes in questioning to the mother.

The woman nodded her head. "That doll's one thing she ain't never give up," she said, tears coming to her eyes. "She holds on to it tight that way all day long. But I couldn't say as she really knows what it is any more than she does anything else. It may be that she's jus' been used to havin' it with her so long."

Perhaps in some mysterious way the longing of the friend's heart communicated itself to the child's numbed brain. Perhaps some chord of memory vibrated again as the once loved face bent over her own. The little hand stirred under the cover, lifted itself into the air, and seemed to be trying to compass the weary distance to her teacher's cheek. Another hand raised and held it there for a moment. And then the heavy eyes of the child, once fountains of living joy, closed, and Lucy guided the thin fingers back to their touch upon the doll, and turned away.

THE QUICK-DECISION BOARD

BY GRACE S. RICHMOND

MRS. JACK pulled out from the pink-and-white-covered box which held Billy's clothes a coat, a cap, a scarf, and a pair of microscopic white mittens. Then she stood surveying them in doubt.

"I wonder if these are warm enough for to-day," she said aloud. She was speaking to nobody in particular, although Julius, at home for the holidays, lounged by the nursery fire. It was no place for him, but a sophomore, at home for the holidays, lounges where he will. Julius looked up as she spoke, but instantly buried his nose again in the pages of the automobile number of a popular weekly paper.

"It's rather cold," mused Mrs. Jack, feeling critically of the coat. "This isn't so warm as the blue one, but the blue is beginning to look soiled. I wonder if——"

She went across the room to a window and stood peering at a thermometer which hung just outside.

"Thirty-eight—nine," she read. "No—nearer thirty-eight. That's not so very cold, of course—and the blue does look soiled—Mary——"

"Yes-m," from the doorway, where a trim nursemaid, with Billy on her arm, stood waiting.

"You may put these on Billy. But put the heavier rug over him, and be sure he keeps his hands inside. He'd better wear a veil."

"Yes-m."

"Mary——"

"Yes-m——"

"Keep his back toward the wind. And don't let the sun get in his eyes. Take him about four times around the block."

"Yes-m."

Mrs. Jack, having seen Mary and Billy vanish down the stairs, went with some precipitation over to the thermometer again.

"It's barely thirty-eight," she repeated softly to herself, "and this is the warm side. I've always told Jack one could not judge of the temperature on the south side of the house. The sun was shining directly on it an hour ago, too."

She hurried across the room to the pink-and-white box, hunted through it and brought forth a blue cloth coat, at which she stood looking with evident distaste.

"It *is* dreadfully soiled," she murmured. "I must send it to the cleaner's to-morrow. But he certainly ought not to go out in the white one—and he sneezed twice this morning." She started for the door, then paused irresolutely. "Jack says I bundle him too much, and I suppose I do, but——"

She ran out into the hall and leaned over the baluster.

"Mary——"

"Yes-m——" faintly from below.

"You may put the blue coat on Billy, after all. Here it is—I'll drop it down."

Inside the nursery Julius looked up from a double-page illustration in color of a great red panhard and ejaculated: "Gee!"

"What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Jack affectionately of her young brother as she came back. He had been at home only a day, and she still felt very tender towards him. He seemed to have grown broad-

shouldered and handsome, even since he went away in September.

"Did I speak?" inquired Julius innocently, with his eyes again on the fascinating page.

"I thought you did."

"I was thinking of going out," said Julius, "if it should be true that it is 'thirty-eight.' If it's only 'thirty-seven,' I couldn't go, for I've only one coat—here. My pale pink one is at college—and it's a little soiled."

Mrs. Jack laughed and rumpled his hair. "You are a saucy boy," she said. "If you were only fourteen months old it would make a great deal of difference what you wore."

"The kid has to wear a veil, does he?" sighed Julius, turning the remaining pages of the weekly with a flirt, and getting up to stretch himself. "It's like spring out to-day. I should think those red lumps of cheeks of his could stand it to go around four blocks without a veil."

"Is it really so mild?" asked Mrs. Jack, eagerly. Then she rushed to the door.

"Mary——"

"Yes-m——"

"You may put the white coat on baby after all. And—he needn't wear the veil—that is—yes, he *must* wear the veil——"

"Oh—*gee!*" murmured Julius, inside the nursery, and turned and looked at his sister curiously as she came back. She flushed a trifle as she met his glance.

"I hadn't been out to-day," she explained; "and it is so hard to tell anything by this thermometer."

"I suppose," said Julius, standing in front of the nursery fire and gazing down into it with a quizzical air, "if I should let fall one little word to the effect that perhaps there is a slight chill in the air after all, you would tear to the stairs and shout to Mary to put on the blue coat. I'll bet the girl is sitting down there now, not putting any coat on the kid—just waiting for you to get your mind made up so it will stay."

"You are very impudent," said Mrs. Jack, with one arm over his shoulder, "for a great big college boy who knows all about football and nothing at all about babies."

"I know enough to know that the brat doesn't want his arms rammed in and out of his sleeves six times before he can be ready to go out. He roars himself purple having 'em got into the armholes once. You'll have him all worked up into a lather, so when he goes out at last he'll take a ripping cold—veil and all."

Mrs. Jack looked uneasy, and Julius wickedly pursued his brotherly course:

"When I said it was like spring to-day," he went on, with his eyes on the fire, one arm holding his sister by his side, "I spoke without real knowledge. I only inferred that it felt like spring from the general look of things. I hadn't been out. And now that I think of it—the grocer's boy had his collar turned up when he brought the stuff in this morning. I know, for I was in the kitchen, and jollied him about the Patterson's waitress."

Mrs. Jack made a sudden movement, but it was thwarted by the arm about her waist.

"Hold on, there—" warned Julius.

"Please let me go one minute," she begged.

"Not on your life. Billy's going out in his white coat. The blue one is too soiled—it's to be sent to the cleaner's to-morrow."

"But if he should take cold, dear—he has quite a little cold already. Julius—let me go—why, how absurd!— Let me go!— I knew all along the child ought to wear the blue—soiled or not—it was simply my foolish pride—and he looks so sweet in the white——"

"You bet he does," declared Julius heartily, without relaxing his grip. She could make no resistance whatever, try as she might. He held her as one holds a refractory kitten, and stood laughing at the fire without moving from his place on the hearth-rug. "You've got to get over this nonsense," said he firmly. "You always were a girl to change your mind seven times an hour—but you've got it down to seven times a minute. It isn't healthy. Make up your mind and stick to it."

Mrs. Jack was looking very indignant, and something closely resembling tears shone in her lovely eyes.

"You are very unkind, Julius," she said, a little chokily. "It was only a natural indecision, when I hadn't been out—and the thermometer——"

"If you don't find that thermometer some morning, you will know it has met its just deserts. All I heard last summer when I was here was that it was too hot for a picnic or too cold to go in bathing, or too something or other to do anything I wanted to do. Does Jack live by a thermometer now? If he does he's deteriorated faster than I'd have believed."

"Jack upholds my care of Billy's health perfectly," said Billy's mother with great dignity; "and any trained nurse will tell you that one should be governed by rational rules in bringing up a little child—not go by the rough and bluff system such great, untrained boys as you might advocate."

Julius loosed his hold and fell back.

"Say—that's great language," he murmured admiringly, " 'Rough and bluff system'—Jove—that knocks me flat. I'll remember that.—Hold on—don't you go to that door! Another minute and the poor kid will be safely out, getting what air he can through his veil.—Billy'll never be half-back on our team till he gets past wearing a veil.—I can tell you that. Hi—there he goes—" he hurried to the window, forcing his sister along with him. "Back to the wind, eyes out of the sun—Mary's a jewel. She'll take him four times around the block, and then he'll come in and the fun will be all over for to-day. 'Such a lot of fuss for so little'—that's what the kid would say if he could.—Yes—you can go now. I'm going out myself. Got a veil you can lend me?—oh, say—don't hit so hard. You might hurt me. Think how long it is since you've seen me. Here—give me a kiss—yes, you've got to—you owe it to me for taking a fatherly interest in Billy."

He ran down the stairs and was out of the door before Mrs. Jack had finished pinning up the curly lock he had disarranged. She watched him from the window, and saw him, swinging along the street, overtake Billy in his sleigh-cart, and stop for an interview. Julius was devoted to Billy, and Mrs. Jack enjoyed the fact. But from her window she saw him do a most unwarrantable thing. He was untying the baby's veil and taking it off. Mrs. Jack could see that Mary was giggling—and, she thought, protesting; but Julius stuck the veil into his own pocket, pinched the "lumps of cheeks," at which Billy waved his arms and crowed—and then went tramping on down the street, without a glance up at the window where Mrs. Jack stood invoking wrath upon his good-looking head. She did not call back Mary, however, and provide Billy with another veil.

Next morning Jack paused on his way from the breakfast table to the door, watch in hand. He had the commuter's morning car to catch.

"What do you say to going into town with me this morning, Bud?" he said. His wife's name was Rosamond, but it had long been of small use to her, except for the signing of formal notes. She was small and pink and sweet, so it did not matter seriously what she was called.

"Oh—I—why, I don't know—" began Mrs. Jack.

"You said you had still some Christmas shopping, and you wanted me to go to Joynden's with you. I could spare an hour this morning. It will be the only day I can before Christmas."

"But I couldn't get ready for this car, Jack," said his wife, getting up in a fluttered way. "I'd like to go—if you could go to Joynden's—but——"

"I'll wait over one car for you," offered Jack, his eyes upon his watch. He had a decisive way of speaking, and the air of a man who has no time to waste, and does not intend to let other people waste it for him. Julius looked up at him as he stood in the doorway, and from him to Mrs. Jack, in her pink morning-gown, the picture of prettiness and indecision, standing with one hesitating hand on his arm.

"I suppose I could get ready," she considered. "Though I was going to Frances Langley's—I don't know whether to—I wonder if—Julius," she turned to him—"could you go too? I want your help about the present for Grandpa."

"All right," said Julius promptly.

"Still—I could go to-morrow better—and there will be a matinée to-morrow——"

"Hurry, please, dear," said Jack, very gently.

"Oh, of course—you want to catch your car. Well—if you are in a hurry, perhaps you'd better—and Julius and I can come later.—Or—no—no—I believe I will go with you——"

She fluttered past him toward the stairs. Jack turned back into the room, where Julius sat finishing his coffee, and took up the morning paper.

They could hear Mrs. Jack giving directions to everybody as she dressed—principally to Mary, concerning Billy. Julius caught the words "white coat" and "veil" and chuckled to himself. At the end of ten minutes Mrs. Jack's voice called her husband.

"Yes—" responded Jack, going out into the hall and looking up at the top of the stairs, watch in hand again.

"I don't believe I can possibly go this morning after all. You'd better catch your car and I'll——"

"I've lost this car," said Jack, with great calm of manner. "And I can't go with you to Joynden's any other day."

"Oh—then I suppose I must—" The words were lost as the speaker rushed back into her room.

Julius followed Jack out into the hall, and stood before the fireplace, overcoat on and hat in hand. Jack got into his outer apparel and took up a similar position on the opposite side of the rug. The two listened to the voice above. It was a charmingly musical voice, with a delicious little accent acquired somewhere or other, and never lost, under any circumstances. It made her most commonplace utterances worth listening to.

"If it should come off colder while I'm gone, Mary, be sure to keep the nursery fire very bright. Billy may have a very little beef tea with his porridge at luncheon, and some orange juice if he wants it. If it gets below thirty-five—Mary—can you read the thermometer?—Come here and let me——"

"*Bud!*" shouted Julius, at which Jack closed his lips, opening them again the same instant. "We must be off in five minutes."

"Put on his white coat," Mrs. Jack was saying, as she came to the head of the stairs. "But if it goes lower than that—the blue one—and the veil——"

Julius put his hand hastily into his overcoat pocket and jabbed something into its most remote corner, with a fleeting, wicked grin.

Mrs. Jack paused suddenly, half-way down-stairs.

"Oh, Jack," she said—and her husband and brother looked admiringly up at her. Mrs. Jack was not very much more than a girl, in spite of Billy, and she knew how to dress beautifully. She looked very young and very charming as she stood there, her cheeks bright with the haste she had made. "I don't believe I'll go after all," she said slowly. Julius made an inarticulate sound in his throat expressive of great displeasure, but Jack only stared at her patiently and asked, "Why?"

"Well—I—I can't explain in such a hurry, but it's really most inconvenient. I'm sorry about Joynden's, but Julius can help me with that to-morrow——"

"No, I can't," said Julius promptly. "To-day—or not at all. I can't go to-morrow."

She looked at him curiously. "Why, I thought you——"

"Decide quickly, dear," said Jack, putting his watch back into his pocket, and buttoning up his overcoat. "We've two minutes to get to the corner."

Mrs. Jack still paused, irresolute. Her brother made a dash up to the landing where she stood.

"You're in a class by yourself!—You're a corker!" he shouted. "Of course you're going, after all this fuss."

He picked her up, protesting, and bore her down to the front door.

"I'll make your mind up for you while I'm here," he declared grimly; "then maybe you'll get into the way of knowing what you want to do. Come on."

"Jack!"—began Mrs. Jack, but her husband said quietly:

"We shall miss the car, Bud. Please come."

And Mrs. Jack went, looking very pretty and quite sulky—a state of things which lasted for fully ten minutes. Then she was herself again; and a good comrade she could be, so that the three had a merry time of it.

When Jack had left them, after the errand at Joynden's—a most important one, since it meant a combined Christmas and wedding present to some people who were the Elliots' most intimate and beloved friends, Mrs. Jack turned to Julius.

"Now that the dear boy is out of the way," she said, "we'll go to Carrington's and get his Christmas present. I want your advice."

"What are you going to give him from Carrington's—a sideboard or a brass bed?"

"Neither—silly child. It's to be a chair, a lovely big comfortable one—all his own."

"When, by any chance, nobody else is sitting in it. Well—I'm glad it isn't cravats. I'd hate to help a woman pick out cravats for another man."

"I shouldn't ask you to," said Mrs. Jack, proudly. "I always get Jack's myself—I know just what suits him."

"The saints and all you do!" groaned Julius. "That accounts for it. I've been wondering what on earth was the matter with the poor duffer. He used to be the last word on style, too."

"You are perfectly insufferable," said Mrs. Jack with dignity, and led the way into Carrington's without deigning to address another word to him.

The matter of the chair took a long time. Mrs. Jack forgot her ire, and began to appeal to her brother, in the difficulty of deciding between three, which seemed equally attractive at about the same price.

"Shut your eyes and choose," counseled Julius at last, settling back in the chair he preferred and yawning ostentatiously. "Jack will be just as unhappy in one as in another, for all I can see."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Mrs. Jack.

"No man would give a cent for any of them. They're too pad-dy, and too mushy, and too rock-y."

"Why—they're regular men's chairs."

"That's the matter with 'em. They're got up for women to give to men. The men themselves buy another sort."

Mrs. Jack looked desperate. The salesman was smiling—at the corners of his mouth.

"If you think you know—I don't believe you do, at all—you may just pick out what you think is a man's chair."

Not on your life. It isn't Jack that's to be suited—it's you. Get the chair you like and he'll be satisfied. He'll sit in it—when you are in the room—and tell you it's lovely—he's getting to be just patient ass enough."

"Julius!"—Mrs. Jack turned her back on him.

"You may send up this chair," said she to the salesman, indicating one of the three. "Mrs. John Westfall Elliot, 610 North Wharton—no—wait—I believe I will take *that* one—yes—the middle one. Please see that it comes out on one of the morning trains, so my husband won't see it.—Thank you—yes, I will send you my check.—Come, Julius."

She walked away, looking over her shoulder toward the chairs as she went. Suddenly she turned and hurried back.

"I will take the first one I ordered after all," she said hurriedly, in a low tone. Julius looked around at her and grinned. Then he scowled, for even as the words left her lips her eyes were studying the other chair—the third, and the one he had selected as the most comfortable of the three.

"What do you think?" She appealed to the salesman. "My brother seemed to like that best. Do you think it is the most desirable?"

"It is a very fine chair, madam," said the salesman, with the deferential air of his kind. "You could not make a mistake if you took it, and if the young gentleman prefers it——"

"It doesn't harmonize quite so well with the library furnishings," deliberated Mrs. Jack. She had said this seven times already, but the salesman bowed. "The library is done in Flemish oak, you know. This is not quite so dark, but— Now the first one goes perfectly."

Julius sank down on a luxurious davenport at a little distance, and closed his eyes. He seemed to slumber. Mrs. Jack went over all the ground once more. She did not appeal to her brother again.

All at once that youth sat up with a subdued and diabolical chuckle. He felt in his pockets and produced a pencil and an envelope. Upon the envelope he fell to work—apparently on a sketch of some sort, and as he worked he snorted softly from time to time, as with an amusement which he could not entirely suppress.

Mrs. Jack selected a chair, and apologized so sweetly to the salesman for the amount of his time which she had taken that his patience and good humor lasted to the very door, although she changed her mind twice on the way to the first floor. At the hotel café, where the two went for luncheon, she slipped away from

Julius to the public telephone box, and when she came out she confronted him.

"Telephoned 'em to send the other after all," said he. "I knew you would. But you needn't bother to get back any more messages. I ordered the firm to send you all three chairs, and let you have it out at home. It will be cheaper in the end than sending back and forth."

"Julius Broughton!"

"I did. It's all right. I wasn't going to spend the rest of the day trotting back to deliver your changed mind. I've got tickets for the Philharmonic. My nervous system needs soothing—it's all upset."

On Christmas morning Jack sat in the chair which his wife gave him—it was neither of the three from Carrington's, but one of a quite different style, from Hinsdale and Lorrimer's—and pronounced it perfect. Julius looked on and winked at his brother-in-law when his sister was not observing.

"I knew you'd like anything she picked out," he said. "Oh, Bud—er—I'm glad you like the turquoise ring—but I've another little gift for you up-stairs. It was too large—that is, too cumbersome—or at least—I thought I'd like you to see it first in the nursery, where it belongs. So it's up there. Let's all go up—huh?"

"You are a dear," said his sister, with a rapturous sigh as she held her hand, with Julius' gift upon it, up to the light. "This is so sweet. In the nursery—Jule?— What can it be? Of course we'll go up."

In the nursery Julius caught up Billy to his shoulder, to that youngster's ecstatic joy. "I'll take care of the kid while you go down, Mary," he said behind Billy's back to the nursemaid, and so disposed of all but the family.

"I don't see—" began Mrs. Jack. Then her eye caught sight of something hanging upon the wall over Billy's little white crib, and she walked over to it, her lips forming themselves into an "Oh!" uttered with an expression which meant several things.

"I call that pretty neat," observed Julius modestly. "Cost me a lot of work, and I knew you'd prize it on that account. Then it'll be such a saving to you of time and brain-fiber."

Jack burst into a roar—which he instantly subdued at sight of Mrs. Jack's face. He could not be sure whether she was meaning to laugh or to cry.

A great circular sheet of blue bristol-board hung upon the wall—the nursery was done in pink-and-white—ruled off by heavy lines into cartwheel spaces. In each space was carefully printed certain words, and in the center of the dial swung a pointer. Below were printed the directions for using the contrivance, and above stared the words, in large black letters—

"QUICK-DECISION BOARD."

The directions ran as follows:

"Examine the thermometer carefully three times and strike an average of readings. Then formulate question in mind, turn around three times, and spin pointer. ABIDE BY DECISION. The dial cannot err."

In the spaces of the dial were printed the answers to the supposable questions. They ran thus:

"By all means.
Certainly not.
Of course.
On no account whatever.
Sure Mike.
Without the shadow of a doubt.
Let her go Gallegher.
No—by Jove—no!
Yes.
If you love Billy.
Yes, yes, yes—and hurry up.
Instantly.
Never."

"You see how it works," said Julius. With Billy hanging at a breakneck angle over his shoulder, he advanced to the dial. "For instance—you read the thermometer. It says '32° Fahrenheit.' You think to yourself, 'Does Billy need his rubber boots for a short spin around the block?'—You turn around three times—that is indispensable—you may not see why, but it is.—Then you spin the pointer. See?—Ha!——"

He turned around triumphantly. The pointer had stopped at the unequivocal reply—"No—by Jove—no!"

Jack ran hastily down-stairs. Mrs. Jack walked over to the window and stood looking out. Julius performed half-a-dozen acrobatic evolutions with Billy, and likewise disappeared.

Half an hour later Jack's voice sounded up the staircase.

"Bud, dear?"

"Yes—" said Mrs. Jack's voice. It was a very sweet and silvery note. Jack and Julius, in the lower hall, looked at each other.

"I've sent for a sleigh and pair. The sleighing is magnificent. Will you go? It will give us an appetite for our Christmas dinner."

"Yes."

"Will you take Billy?"

"Yes."

Julius vaulted over the stair-rail in front of his brother-in-law and dashed up-stairs. At the top he met his sister.

"Oh—er—does Billy need his veil?" he demanded.

"No."

Julius seized her arm and pulled her back into the nursery. The Quick-Decision Board no longer hung over Billy's crib. In the nursery fireplace a large, black, ashy pile fluttered up in flakes in the draught.

"It cost me three good hours' work," complained Julius regretfully.

"I had another gift for you," said Mrs. Jack tenderly. "I consulted your board to find out whether I should give it to you or not. The board said 'On no account whatever.' So of course I can't."

"Oh, say!" said Julius. "What was it?"

It was a particularly handsome little scarf-pin, and it reposed daintily in the lace at Mrs. Jack's throat. Julius eyed it enviously. She laughed.

"It's very cold," said she. "If I take Billy with us may he wear a veil?"

"Sure Mike," said Julius, with a somewhat sheepish grin. Then he carefully extracted the pin from his sister's neckwear, and bent and kissed her.

"You're all right," said he.

THE MYSTERY

BY MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

THIS is your cup—the cup assigned to you
From the beginning. Nay, my child, I know
How much of that dark drink is your own brew
Of fault and passion. Ages long ago—
In the deep years of yesterday,—I knew.

This is your road—a painful road and drear.
I made the stones—that never give you rest;
I set your friend in pleasant ways and clear,
And he shall come, like you, unto my breast;
But you—my weary child!—must travel here.

This is your task. It has no joy nor grace,
But is not meant for any other hand,
And in my universe hath measured place.
Take it; I do not bid you understand:
I bid you close your eyes—to see my face.